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## LITERATURE.

*A Selection from the Correspondence of Abraham Hayward, Q.C., from 1834 to 1884. With an Account of his Early Life. Edited by Henry E. Carlisle. In 2 vols. (John Murray.)*

MANY who had much acquaintance with Mr. Hayward have expected these volumes for something not to be found in their pages. But this is not a biography, nor is it a full publication of Hayward's correspondence. Few will read the account of his early life. The interest of the work begins at the time when Hayward set up in London as lawyer and *littérateur*. He had then no conception that it was his destiny to become the favoured gossip of the best London society. "You are a gossip," writes the most charming and brilliant contributor to these volumes. In the zenith of his success, in one of his very best letters to Mr. Gladstone, he describes his occupation as "dottings down of London on dit." The description fits exactly. Hayward was "London Correspondent" to many great and famous people, winning their confidence by his tact and sagacity, interesting them by his large knowledge of public men and affairs, as well as by the clear judgment with which he formed and expressed opinions. His discretion was never seriously at fault. He wrote unpleasant things; but, so far as we are aware, no one ever accused Hayward of making an improper use of private information. For one thing, what was said to Hayward was generally intended to be made known, after a certain fashion of his own. Many of his letters are models of gossip, conveying news of high interest in the best manner. Mr. Gladstone was at Corfu. What could be more welcome than a letter from Hayward, beginning "Perhaps you may like to hear a little of the political gossip," which then ranged high, and ending with such news as that in the commercial panic of the time, "Peabody was hard run, having £800,000 to pay in one day."

Passing through these volumes, we note gems of literary and political correspondence, and trace easily by the way how studiously and steadfastly Hayward, with uncommon, yet no extraordinary, qualities, established his singular position. His nature was exactly described by Carlyle as "satirical splenetic." This is sufficient to account for his failure in one direction, while it was certainly accessory to his social success. As a man of letters, perhaps the highest praise he ever received or deserved was also from Carlyle, who declared that of all the translations of Faust "Hayward's was the best." Most of his writing was anonymous in the columns of the *Times*, the *Chronicle*, and the *Quarterly*

*Review*. But it was his practice to make known his authorship of these contributions whenever and wherever the mention of his name would give pleasure to some friend or would strengthen his political or literary influence. A great part of the matter in these volumes is due to this practice. Hayward knew exactly how to make the best use of such connexion with well-known journals. He wrote to his sister from Paris that "the importance they attach to my connexion with the *Times* or *Chronicle* is extraordinary." Hayward's ingenuity and sense of opportunity in thus forwarding his own interest is perceptible through all his letters. Clear also is the warmth of his attachment to his parents, his sisters, and his friends.

He possessed in a degree very uncommon with Englishmen the *talent de société*. He was extremely attentive to women, without whom such success as his would have been impossible. Mill used to say that the clergy had justly great influence with women, because they alone addressed them upon serious matters. Hayward had the privilege of more than acquaintance with several of the most distinguished women of his time, and for them he took as much pains in his correspondence as when addressing statesmen of the first rank. From Paris to Lady Waldegrave he writes in his capacity as gossip: "Perhaps you would like to hear a little." Then he gives the latest news of the Tuilleries. There never was a more industrious and discreet *courreur des nouvelles*. To another lady he writes, like a *Morning Post* reporter: "Lord Lansdowne is confined to his chair; the Duke of Newcastle's eyes are a good deal better." With tongue and pen Hayward carried on through many years the leading business of this sort, for which he was admirably adapted. Soft-handed and light-footed, full of chatty anecdote, he was as pleasant in the drawing-room as he was useful in relieving the dullness of social entertainments. Vivacious, with some inclination to be spiteful, he excited interest and obtained the sort of power which he loved to exercise.

There is an essential difference between these volumes, yet both are so rich that it is difficult to decide which contains matter of greater interest. The first is more distinctly literary and gastronomic. There is scarcely a letter from Hayward which does not contain the words, "I dine," "I dined." Hayward soon discovered that the "art of dining" forms a serious part of the business of society; and so, "just as I would get up a speech from a brief," he wrote on cookery with a success which he describes as "quite inconceivable." In 1841 he thought he might become "a great advocate"; but before the first volume closes he had quitted the Temple for the rooms over the chemist's shop in St. James's Street, where Byron lodged, which were his home for the last thirty years of his life. We have referred to his most brilliant correspondent—Mrs. Norton—whose letters shine resplendent with playful and pathetic humour. She gives Hayward a clock, and writes an amusing letter in its name. Mrs. Norton's "Ode to a Leech" is too long for quotation; too charming for extract. But we must make room for a few words from her letter on Rogers:

"His God was Harmony; and over his life

Harmony presided, sitting on a lukewarm cloud. He did not squander more than won the affection of his seraglio, the Nine Muses, nor bet on Pegasus, though he entered him for the races when he had a fair chance of winning. He did nothing rash. I am sure Rogers, as a baby, never fell down, unless he was pushed; but walked from chair to chair of the drawing-room furniture, steadily and quietly, until he reached the place where a sunbeam fell upon the carpet."

Again, Mrs. Norton writes from Edinburgh "on the Centenary day" in 1859:

"The enthusiasm of the Scotch is *frappé à la glace*. It is a new acquaintance, and they don't feel familiar enough with it to be jolly—and think of 3,000 sitting down to *Temperance tea trays*!! I'd as lief be a duck, and sit in a pond with my chin upon duck-weed."

There are several letters from Sydney Smith, of which this is the most characteristic passage:

"I am here [Taunton] without motive, without excitement, in a state of quiet, which I hate, and amongst the beauties of nature, for which I have little taste. I envy you the dirt, the hurricane, the malignity, in which (as all London people) you live."

We are dealing with a period when Hayward was losing hold of law and taking to letters, when his political acquaintance and influence had not matured. Much of the correspondence relates to contributions to periodicals. The editor of the *Edinburgh Review* asks whether Hayward knows anything of "a Mr. Thackeray," whom Longman had recommended, "thinking he would be a good hand for light articles." The editor puts the question because, "in a journal like the *Edinburgh*, it is always of importance to keep up in respect of names." He also wishes to know—"Who is *Eothen*?" and asks Hayward for his personal history, because—"I know you can give that sort of thing knowingly and authentically." That was exactly what Hayward could do. When, eight years later, Sir George Lewis had succeeded to the editorship, Hayward proposed an article on Disraeli, as he "could interweave some amusing anecdotes" and "knew every incident of his life." Hayward had in 1850 become very well acquainted with this Mr. Thackeray, and on condoling with the author of *Vanity Fair* when he was black-balled at the Athenaeum, received the following apology for the club from Thackeray:

"There must be thousands of men to whom the practice of ridicule must be very offensive; doesn't one see such in society or in one's own family? persons whose nature was not gifted with a sense of humour? Such a man would be wrong not to give me a black-ball or whatever it is called—a negatory nod of his honest respectable, stupid, old head. And I submit to his verdict without the slightest feeling of animosity against my judge. Why, Dr. Johnson would certainly have black-balled Fielding, whom he pronounced 'A dull fellow, sir, a dull fellow'! and why shouldn't my friend at the Athenaeum?"

If only to show the interest of these volumes in literary criticism, we must give this view of Macaulay by Lytton:

"Macaulay's beauty of style, in some things quite unrivalled, excludes many beauties higher and deeper than its own. It has no modesty—it never consents to wear a veil. Thus he never guesses, never suggests; he speaks with

audacity and then brilliantly adorns his own assertion. Perhaps there is no writer in our language who suggests so little to a thoughtful and imaginative reader. But his style is so clear and nervous, his dogmas so decided, and put forward with so much heat, that if he is not suggestive to men who wish to think for themselves, he is extremely convincing to men who dislike that trouble."

How few nowadays use the word "gallant" to describe a ladies' man, or would write as Hayward did in 1852, that Villiers will probably be "beat." Lockhart writes to Hayward that as to a certain person he meant no offence, and "used the word 'gentleman' in its heraldic sense only." Hayward's letters to his lady friends are even now bright and fresh; but when they were written they must have been worth many thanks. He tells Lady Charleville that Thiers at Lord Mahon's was so pleasant, he may be described as a Frenchman described Mrs. Norton: "I like her; she is so spirituous and abandoned." To the same lady, Hayward in one short letter reveals the basis of his social and political ethics: "Is not honesty one result of a sound understanding as contradistinguished from what you aptly term 'the showy intellect' of a man like Disraeli?" "The real use of an Establishment is to keep the ministers of religion steady and quiet, and to make them independent, not to teach any particular mode of faith." He claims to have been the first person who wrote a newspaper article to appear together with the report of the debate to which it referred—a proceeding then thought to have "revolutionised at a stroke the whole art of leader writing." The story about the Iron Duke's breeches is given in perfect form:

"London, the gardener, wrote to the Duke of Wellington to beg leave to see his beeches. The Duke read it as from the Bishop of London to see his breeches, and gave a formal reply stating that the Bishop might see those he wore at Waterloo, as he supposed those were what he meant."

Perhaps the most important political event in Hayward's life was his dinner to the Peelites in November 1852, which he says "went off capitally, and has done great good by consolidating the Peelite party." He always considered that he had a hand in the coalition by which Lord Aberdeen's Government was formed. Osborne called him "the connecting link between the literary and political magnates of London"; and in that character he hurried off from a meeting with Mr. Gladstone, Lord Hartington, and Lord Granville "to secure the *Times*," in the middle of the night, upon the change of Government of 1880. As to the dissolution of 1874, Hayward told Lord Salisbury that "the thought first struck Gladstone as he lay rolled up in blankets to perspire away his cold." In 1876, Mr. Gladstone thought the *Times* "ought to be prohibited to change sides more than a certain number of times in a year"; and in one letter Mr. Gladstone regrets that he declined to remain Chancellor of the Exchequer when Lord Lansdowne was asked to form a government. This is all good gossip of the sort Hayward loved to dispense.

Hayward at seventy-seven telling his sister "I have notes from half the fine ladies and all the prettiest women about my verses" is

very characteristic. The editor of these letters has been wisely careful not to add needless matter of his own. His appearances are few and modest. According to him Hayward always wrote "trenchant and opportune leaders" when he was not engaged upon "mature and highly finished essays." On the whole, Hayward's life was certainly more complete than this edition of his letters. He had length of days, and lived in an atmosphere of greatness and distinction such as his soul loved.

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

*Syrian Stone-Lore; or, the Monumental History of Palestine.* By Claude R. Conder, R.E. (Bentley.)

THE title of this book gives a very inadequate notion of its contents. It is a treatise, as the writer says in his preface, on "the ancient condition of Palestine from the earliest recorded times down to the close of the Frank dominion," discussing the "social condition of the inhabitants, their race-origins, languages, religions, social customs, government, art, literature and trade." Obviously, in a popular volume of moderate dimensions, such an extensive programme could not be exhaustively carried out; but it may be said that Captain Conder, who has enjoyed unrivalled opportunities of examining, on the spot, the archaeological remains of Syria, has also diligently studied the chief literary sources of information, and has compiled a very serviceable handbook of Syrian antiquities.

Naturally, those portions of the book are the best where Captain Conder speaks as an expert possessing a minute acquaintance with every nook and corner of Palestine. Excellent, for instance, are the notices of the folklore of the Syrian peasants; the descriptions of megalithic monuments of prehistoric date; the mention of the extensive outlook from the "high-places"—Gilgal, Gibeon, Carmel, or Dan; the account of the structure and arrangement of Jewish tombs; the summary of the fixed points in the topography of Jerusalem, as settled by the researches of the last twenty years, in which he fairly holds his own against the theories of Prof. Sayce; while in the account of the Dome of the Rock he disposes with ease of the Byzantine theory of Mr. Fergusson by pointing out the decisive fact that, though the pillars of this structure are Roman work, they do not occupy the positions for which they must have been originally designed, and have manifestly been obtained from various buildings. Good, also, is the account of the remains of the palace of Hyrcanus at 'Arāk-el-Emir, and the discussion of the architecture of the temple, as illustrated by other structures of the Herodian period. The notices of the buildings of the Sassanian kings, of the remains of Jewish synagogues, of the caves and tombs inhabited by Christian anchorites, of the Byzantine churches at Jerusalem, and more especially of the castles and churches erected by the Crusaders, may all be selected for special commendation.

Among incidental points of interest may be noticed a common-sense explanation of names and marks which have been supposed to indicate the survival of totemism among the Arab tribes, which may be commended to the attention of Dr. Robertson Smith and Mr.

Andrew Lang; also the interesting notice of the transference to districts round Jerusalem of the tribe-names of the Arab conquerors who followed Omar; a fair popular account of the sources of the Koran, and of the beliefs of the Arabian peoples before the time of Mahomet; the discussion of the characteristics of Arab architecture and of the sources from which it was derived, with the suggestive note as to the Persian origin of the technical architectural terms in modern Arabic; and, more curious perhaps than all, the notice of the introduction by the Crusaders of ploughlands corresponding in extent to our own Domesday carucates.

Capt. Conder describes the object of his book as two-fold—to give the "results of twenty years of exploration," and secondly, as "an effort to gather up the scattered learning of many scholars." From the first point of view the book may receive almost unreserved commendation; but when the author of *Tent Work in Palestine* leaves his own proper department of descriptive archaeology, and ventures on a domain more appropriate to the class-room of a German professor, the results are, inevitably, less satisfactory. Capt. Conder gives a formidable list of the works he has consulted; but he shows, by small, but not infrequent, slips, that he is more at home in the tent than in the library.

Of the strictly scientific subjects the palaeography is the most satisfactory, since Capt. Conder has some independent knowledge of the subject, and has, as a rule, followed the guidance of the best authorities. He does not, however, refer to the best guide of all—the magnificent *Corpus Inscriptionum Semiticarum* of the French Academy. If he had done this he could hardly have omitted all reference to the oldest of the great Phœnician inscriptions—the altar dedication of Yehaumelek at Gebāl; nor would he, in face of that most exquisite of all the monuments of Phœnician epigraphy—the sarcophagus of Eshmunazar, have ventured on the assertion that there is "no inscribed monument in Syria between Cyrus and Alexander." In referring the perplexing inscription at 'Arāk-el-Emir to the year 176 B.C. he should at all events have noted that Prof. Euting, almost the highest authority on Semitic epigraphy, places it nearly two centuries earlier, thereby avoiding the impossible conclusion, to which Capt. Conder is driven, that there is a mixture of Phœnician and Aramean letters.

Still more objectionable—in fact the greatest blot in the book, is the untenable attempt to explain the Hamathite inscriptions as early forms of the Egyptian hieroglyphs. In any system of picture writing, circles, squares, and triangles, with representations of the foot, the hand, and the mouth, are pretty certain to occur; and such resemblances prove nothing, especially when the phonetic values of the symbols are conjectural or unknown. On the other hand, Capt. Conder is needlessly sceptical as to the derivation of the Cypriote syllabary from the Hamathite hieroglyphs, which may now almost be regarded as one of the accepted facts of science.

The weakest part of the book is the ethnology. In the present state of our knowledge it is too much to say that "the Egyptians



were themselves an Asiatic migratory people," or that the Chinese, the Japanese, the Russians, and the Eskimo belong to the Altaic stock. The Japanese are a mixed race, the Eskimo are probably *sui generis*, and the Russians must be classed as Aryans, though in the North-east of Russia there is a large admixture of Russianised Finnic tribes. It is a far cry from the Tartars to the Hottentots; and in comparing the physical features, the mythology, and the language of the Hottentot with those of "his Asiatic ancestors" Capt. Conder is, to say the least, premature. Nor can it be admitted that the ethnological table in Genesis x. affords no indication of the date of that document, since Prof. Sayce has clearly shown, from the Assyrian monuments, that the contrary is the case.

Capt. Conder differs from the best authorities in assigning the Exodus to the reign of Thothmes IV., rather than to that of Menephah. The ease with which the Hebrews overcame the Canaanitish tribes can best be explained by the theory that the latter had been already weakened by the Asiatic conquests of Seti I. and Rameses II.; while Capt. Conder's theory makes it necessary to place the Syrian campaigns of these monarchs in the time of the Judges, which is difficult to reconcile with the Hebrew record.

Philology is not Capt. Conder's strongest point. He occasionally goes out of his way to give us an etymology which a reference to such a common book as Prof. Skeat's Dictionary would have shown him to be untenable. Thus we are told that "sheriff" and "satin" are words of Arabic derivation, that a "chancellor" was so called from the rails which inclosed sacred shrines or parted the choir from the congregation, and that the word "church" probably meant a "circle," and may have been originally applied to "the Druidical circular temple."

Among minor slips, some of which are probably due to the printer, may be mentioned the enumeration of the Ammonites as a Canaanitish tribe, which is almost as good as the belief of the Tyrolese tourist that the Dolomites were a sect of Syrian heretics. *Graffiti* for *graffiti*, on p. 258, might be set down as a printer's error if it had not been repeated on p. 443. The compilation of the "Assizes of Jerusalem" is correctly assigned to John d'Ibelin; but, as he died in 1266, the date of 1369 is clearly wrong. John d'Ibelin was Count of Jaffa, but to speak of the "Earldom of Jaffa" is to transfer a Scandinavian title to a Frank dignity.

Overmuch has perhaps been said of the faults of a book which contains so much that is excellent; but Capt. Conder, in his preface, appeals with such evident sincerity to his reviewers to point out what they may consider to be his shortcomings that he cannot complain of being taken at his word.

ISAAC TAYLOR.

*Messis Vitae: Gleanings of Song from a Happy Life.* By John Stuart Blackie. (Macmillan.)

The Emeritus Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh who, in such pleasant fashion, dedicates this book of verses "To the Students of the Scottish Uni-

versities," is by no means a great poet; but he is a kindly and cultivated man, full of the most various aptitudes, an enthusiastic patriot, proud of the stirring history of his country and of the living virtues of its men and women, a lover of its glens and mountains, of its misty skies, and softly flowing streams, one, too, who hides beneath an exterior that is frequently more than sufficiently whimsical and fantastic the strongest practical sense, and a most loyal devotion to "the good, the beautiful, and the true." His book is well titled "Gleanings of Song from a Happy Life," for the author seems to have himself attained to the secret of a well-poised and rightly-ordered existence. With him enthusiasm, which is so apt to be dulled by the passage of the years, is still keen and fresh. He still

"Can make a merry noise  
Although his hairs are gray."

Judged by the strict and severe canons of art, his book is open enough to exception. We certainly find in it hardly a touch of the magic, of the transfiguring power, which is the note of the highest poetry. There is little deliberate artistry in the book. It shows no constant effort after perfection of execution or absolute finish of style. It is the easy, spontaneous, unlaboured expression of its author's thoughts, a ready means of escape for his enthusiasm; and, as Professor Blackie possesses unbounded facility of expression, and considerable lyrical faculty, the various pieces form pleasant and not unprofitable reading. Especially one cannot help admiring the thoroughly wholesome, breezy feeling which pervades the entire volume. It is a book which at least makes us love the author.

We find the professor quite at his best in some of his students' songs—songs of excellent good-heartening, full of vigour and manliness. Here are a few verses from a "Vacation Ode; read at the End of the Winter Session of the Greek Classes, Edinburgh":

"Not from the gaunt array  
Of mouldy parchments gray  
Drops the fine dew that slakes the knowledge-  
thirsting soul!  
But where from blade and spray  
Glances the fresh green May,  
And rose-tipt flowerets blow, and lucid waters  
roll.

"Rise, and no more be vexed,  
From harsh disjointed text,  
With learned strain to wrench the dubious-worded  
lore!  
Up! and redeem your sight  
With Heaven's broad-streaming light,  
And pictured skies, and plains with beauty dappled  
o'er!

"And let the genial note  
That through green woods doth float  
From viewless cuckoo win your rapt ear's wise  
regard,  
More than the cunning chime  
Of curious-built rhyme  
From craft of smooth-lipped Greek, or deep-  
mouthed Roman bard.

"Let roar of foaming floods,  
And breath of growing woods,  
Wave round you with more joy than flags of con-  
quering kings!  
Nor let your dull thought go  
With painful pace and slow,  
When every bursting grove with twittering glad-  
ness rings!

"Not wise who stern refuse  
With gracious hand to use  
The chance-sown sport, stray whim, and random-  
started joy:  
In many a shifting mood,  
With gamesome lustihood,  
Quaint Nature respite finds from life's severe  
employ."

In a similar strain are "The Student's Farewell to Summer," "A Song of Good Counsel," and "A Song of the Road, and a Rule of Life;" while in such of the more purely descriptive pieces as "My Walk" and "My Bath," we have pleasant pictures of fair scenes of nature:

"Where from the great Ben's dewy crown  
The infant rill comes trickling down,  
And glances out beneath the crag  
That cuts the sky with many a jag,  
And creeps beneath the old gray stones,  
Chips of the mountain giant's bones;  
Then trips adown with easy pace  
Over the huge slab's slippery face,  
To rest a while in mossy well,  
Where starry saxifrage dwell."

In lighter and more sportive fashion "The Lay of the Little Lady" and "Polly" celebrate with much gay and dainty humour the fairness and the charms of two Highland maidens; and attention should be called to a brief but remarkable poem titled "Atheism," which is original and telling in conception and illustration, and gravely impressive and Wordsworthian in its ending.

The second division of the book is occupied with a series of some forty sonnets. Prof. Blackie's muse is seldom quite free from a tendency to exuberance, and these sonnets can hardly be judged remarkable as examples of the special form of poetry. Usually they express in a fairly direct and forcible way the thoughts of the poet; but they are wanting in the unity, concentration, and accurately polished perfection of finish proper to the sonnet.

The volume concludes with three historical ballads. The first celebrates, in vigorous verse which recalls the spirited songs of Aytoun, the fight between the English and the Scots on Ancrum Moor, and the doughty part played in the conflict by Maid Lilliard, of Maxton; the second deals with the meeting between Merlin and St. Kentigern recorded in Fordun's *Scotichronicon*; and the subject of the third is the death of Peden, "the Prophet" of Covenanting times.

J. M. GRAY.

*The Church in England from William III. to Victoria.* By the Rev. A. H. Hore. In 2 vols. (Parker.)

THIS book, the author tells us, is written "as a contribution to the cause of Church Defence." When a cause is good and opponents candid, there can be no better defence than a plain and clear statement of what is claimed, and how its claims have historically come into their present form. To Churchmen, therefore, who desire to give a reason for their faith in the institutions they love, and to those opponents of the Church who are willing to hear words of truth and soberness in her defence, we can recommend the study of these volumes, especially of their concluding chapters.

We venture, however, to think with some regret that the value of this book, as an apology for so complex an entity as the

Church of England, is much impaired by the author's bias towards one party and one school of thought, and by his evident conviction that every element in her not distinctly High Church is so much foreign and pernicious matter. This, at the very outset of the work, makes him do scant justice to the wise and tolerant men who, in the reign of William III., guided the Church in safety through one of the most difficult crises of her long and chequered history. William, we are told, "hated" the Church, of which the only proof given is that he "swamped" her with Latitudinarian bishops. Latitudinarian, by the way, is a kind of red rag to Mr. Hore, and he gives little quarter to any one so tainted, from Burnet to Whately. Whenever his own sense of fairness compels him to say a good word for any such, it is introduced with an "it is only just to say," or "it is true that," as though an apology were due to his readers for admitting that a wretched Latitudinarian could have any merits at all. But it may be asked what was William to do? The great majority of the clergy were Jacobites, and only wanted honesty to be Non-jurors. The exiled king, backed by all the power of France, had sympathisers in most of them and correspondents in some; and it would be hard for Mr. Hore, with all his knowledge of the times, to give a list of men equal in eminence to Tillotson, Stillingfleet, Burnet, and the rest, whom the king could have made bishops without going to the ranks of the determined enemies of his person and his title. The tone of the profession was not high—*pace* Dr. Johnson's eulogium on the clergy of Charles II.'s time, when most of them grew up—and William's bishops were at least as good as their contemporaries. Doctrines apart, the Latitudinarians were better men than the Non-jurors and Jacobites, though the devotion of the former to their peculiar creed has given the confessor's halo to their names. Tillotson never abstracted an official document, as did Sancroft. Burnet never, like Collier, gave formal absolution to an impenitent assassin. Tenison is reckoned a dull man, and Atterbury was undoubtedly a brilliant one; but Tenison did not year after year offer up public prayer for one king while secretly plotting the restoration of another. "At the death of King William," says Canon Perry in his *Church History*, "the Church was in a more vigorous condition than it had been at any time since the Restoration." Surely, when we think of her enemies without and her traitors within during this period we may give some credit to the men who, through that difficult time, guided her counsels and appointed her chief officers.

During that somewhat dreary period—the history of the Church under the early Georges—Mr. Hore will be found an accurate, and, on the whole, an interesting guide. He knows his Walpole and Hervey, and seldom loses an opportunity for a good anecdote or a striking trait of character; and if the tone of the picture is of necessity low, the outlines are firm and the grouping skilful. Readers of the graver sort will find valuable matter in the history of the Trinitarian controversies, which are here presented in a clear and readable form.

Various reasons may be given for the depressed state of religious life and the lack

of Church activity at that day, which Mr. Hore accounts for by the silencing of Convocation and the prevalence of Latitudinarianism, forgetting that the Nonconformist bodies were in very much the same case as the Church. Like all ecclesiastical historians, he is too much inclined to regard religious phenomena as something apart from the general tendencies of their time; and to overlook the fact that society, like Wordsworth's cloud, moves altogether, if it moves at all, its various details, however contrasted with one another, yet always at any given time bearing certain common characteristics. If in the days of George II. there were bishops who for years never visited their dioceses, and pluralists who held preferments scattered over half-a-dozen counties, there were plenty of laymen who never left the shores of England, yet drew salaries from Irish and Colonial appointments, and placemen who held three or four offices, any one of which is now-a-days considered enough for a man's whole time and energy. It was to Walpole, we believe, that one of these applied for a sinecure, pointing out a specially desirable post then vacant. The minister answered that the place named was not a sinecure. "Give it to me, and I'll soon make it one," was the unblushing reply. This candid aspirant was probably a layman, but the story might have been true of half the dignified clergy of the day. "As with the people, so with the priest," was said of old, and is true of every period of history.

With William III. and Burnet, Mr. Hore reaches the lowest depths of his aversion, but the proverbial lower deep still is reserved for George II. and Hoadley. We give him up the king, but something may be said for the bishop. In the matter of religious liberty, he was far ahead not only of the Churchmen but of the statesmen of his day; and with the courage of his opinions, he braved extreme unpopularity among the members of his own profession, without thereby gaining the favour of the king or queen. We do not know very much of his personal character, which seems to have been neither better nor worse than that of the average prelate of the day. As to the *Plain Account*, Archbishop Herring pronounced it "as orthodox as Tillotson," which Mr. Hore probably regards as Bardolphian security. But, after all is said, impartial students of the time will mostly subscribe to the judgment of Hallam that

"the principles of Hoadley appear in the main little else than those of Protestantism and toleration. . . . And the High Church party discredited themselves by an opposition to what now passes for the incontrovertible truisms of religious liberty."

The second volume contains an interesting and, of course, highly sympathetic history of the rise and progress of the Oxford movement. This part of his work Mr. Hore heads as "The Awakening of the Church"—a title which is not fair to the Evangelicals, who had roused up the Church more than fifty years before, and from whose teaching most of the early Tractarians received their first religious impressions. These were active at least in the towns; and in most large towns there was at least one church where might be found large congregations, eloquent preachers, efficient Sunday-schools, and active parochial

ministrations, the only places quite asleep being remote country parishes, where the clergy rejoiced to be called orthodox and High Church. A great and happy change has indeed taken place since 1830, but it was not all done by the Tractarians. The three main influences in that movement may be generally stated as the poems of Keble, the preaching and personal character of Newman, and the vast mass of theological literature which directly or indirectly owes its main inspiration to Dr. Pusey; but the great measures which have so increased the efficiency of the Church were on foot while these influences were hardly felt outside Oxford. The Ecclesiastical Commission was incorporated in 1836. The "Episcopal," the "Pluralities," and the "Cathedrals" Acts soon followed. It was not the *Christian Year* that abolished pluralities and enforced residence, nor the "Library of the Fathers" that gave the incomes of useless stalls to the working clergy. These things were the work of statesmen, Whig and Tory, animated with the spirit of the Reform Bill of 1832, which Newman and Keble so abhorred; and they were carried into practical execution by the bishops who "charged" against the "Tracts for the Times." The Tractarians opposed that spirit, then entered into the advantages of it, and now, it seems, claim its results. Readers of *The Ring and the Book* will remember a passage on the disuse of torture not altogether inappropriate.

We may recommend to every reader the chapters on toleration, where the history of a long and complicated series of movements is given with fulness and clearness. Such a narrative was much to be desired, and we do not know of any work in which all the needful information on the subject is thus collected into a continuous history, and told in a fair and spirited manner. It is pleasing to find that in the great question of the Tests Act, the bishops of 1828 were unanimous in favour of the repeal, though more so perhaps from the profanation of the Holy Communion caused by the test than from true liberality of feeling towards dissenters. On the other hand, they nearly all opposed to the last the subsequent measure of Catholic emancipation. The same praise may be given, on the whole, to the account of the recent controversies about ritual, and to the full statistics of Church progress, with the review of the present financial condition of the Church. Clergymen especially will here find a valuable manual of information for which they might have to search many books and pamphlets; and while many readers will not agree with Mr. Hore's opinions, all will thank him for his able summary of the facts.

There are a few errors in the book which, in a second edition, the author will do well to correct. Macaulay makes it clear from the journals of the House of Lords that Ken could not have personally assisted the sufferers after Sedgemoor. It is probable that the "dearest Harry" to whom Addison addressed his "Account of the Greatest English Poets" (here called, for some reason, his "Farewell to the Muses") was not the Sacheverel who was impeached. The late Mr. Forster has exploded the myth about Swift's degree and the meaning of *speciali gratia*. Caroline of Anspach could not have refused the hand of



an "Emperor of Austria," as no such potentate existed in her time. We should like also to know the evidence for the statement that the *Christian Year* was publicly burned at Oxford. Dr. Pusey's letter to the *Times*, here referred to, does not give it as a fact, but as a rumour, and the doctor does not say whether he did or did not believe it; but Mr. Hore may have other sources of information, though he does not state them in his note on the subject.

H. SARGENT.

*An Italian Pilgrimage.* By J. and E. Pennell. (Seeley.)

THIS charming book contains an account of a journey taken by Mr. and Mrs. Pennell, on a tricycle, through the heart of Central Italy. The pilgrims, as our authors call themselves, started from Florence, passing by Empoli, Siena, Monte Oliveto, Montepulciano, Cortona, Perugia, Assisi, Foligno, and Terni, and arrived at their destination, Rome. The very names of these places have a seductive charm about them; and the pilgrims were fortunate in the enjoyment of fair weather, perhaps the best weather for Italian travel—a bright Saint Martin's summer. Mr. and Mrs. Pennell shared the labours of their journey on their double tricycle, and divide the authorship of that journey's record. Mrs. Pennell furnishes the letterpress, and Mr. Pennell the exquisite sketches which accompany it. A happier result of joint artistic production could hardly be found. The book is most harmonious: text and illustrations belong essentially to one another, assist and supplement each other, and go to form a finished piece of art. Of course the book is light, as light and skimming as the wheels of the tricycle from which it was written. The whole work is pervaded with a sense of the glory of movement, the buoyancy of open air, the joy of rapid passage through exquisite scenery. The gaiety of spirits is infectious, and the reader shares, while he envies, the pleasure of the pilgrims.

The book is the record of a single impression. There is no departure into side issues of history, art, or archaeology. The author is concerned with the sensation of the moment; and the record of this is given with singleness of purpose and sincerity of touch. Mrs. Pennell's style is fresh, quiet, and gentle. A genial humour runs through her observation; touches of character as delicate and yet as firm as those of her husband's pencil: "the elderly English lady travelling abroad with her daughter, who has just taken up architecture; 'she always painted heads till now, you know'"; or the excellent and veracious description of a marionette show; or the account of their entry into Rome, and the *gendarme's* order to stop, which they disobeyed.

"'Stop!' the *gendarme* still cried. 'Why?' we asked. And then his fellow-officer, whom we had seen in the Corso, came up. 'Get down!' he said, in fierce tones of command. 'Why?' we asked again. '*Per Christo!*' was his only answer."

Small touches, but with such evident sincerity stamped upon their slight comicality. Mrs. Pennell has an equally just appreciation of the beautiful scenery through which her journey lay. The very spirit of Siena has

passed into her description of that fascinating hill city; and nothing can be more accurate than the account of that strange convent of Monte Oliveto, reached through a wilderness of broken hill land; the bare and barren *débris* of ancient mountains; the dreamy atmosphere of this olive-girdled monastery, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot"; its long, empty, echoing corridors; the outlook from its loggia, to Siena on the one side, to Montalcino, Radocofani, and the peak of Amiata on the other, are all given with a lightness and a truth that make Mrs. Pennell's volume delightfully reminiscent for anyone who knows the places there described.

There is one slight imperfection, to our mind, in Mrs. Pennell's style. She is too fond of referring to Virgil, Dante, Martial by name only. By the time we reach the gates of Rome we feel that we have had too much of the names, perhaps too little of the work, of these ancients. Mrs. Pennell has made, we notice, a very natural slip as to the whole meaning of the word "Addio" in Italian. "Addio" is a greeting as well as a valediction. We have known Italians make the converse mistake to that made by Mrs. Pennell; and we have frequently been greeted, when entering the house of English-speaking Italians, by a chorus of "O! good-bye, Mr. Brown."

As we have said, the illustrations of the volume are quite worthy of the text; nay, they are superior to it. But it is impossible to give, in writing, any adequate account of their excellence. Suffice it to say that we have never met with any drawings in black and white more delicately true to Italian landscape than the thirty sketches which decorate the *Pilgrimage*. For any lover of Italian landscape it will be a sheer pleasure to possess them. It is difficult to make any selection, and perhaps unnecessary; but to us the following seem to stand out above the general excellence of their fellows, and, indeed, to have touched the high-water mark of landscape illustration in black and white: "A Perugino Landscape," "Noontide," "Monte Oliveto," "On the Hill," "Cortona," with the rain-clouds veiling Amiata. And for humour, Sandrino, the young Italian bicyclist, swaggering down the hill from Montepulciano; and the entry into Rome with the figure of the peasant lad in his sheepskin jacket—a figure so true and so delicate in character that we are at once reminded of the little child, who leads a lamb and looks up to speak to a monk, in Carpaccio's picture in the Brera.

Mr. and Mrs. Pennell are indeed fortunate people. We have to thank them for having imparted some of their abundant pleasure to the readers of their delightful book. We venture to say that they may put aside the fear expressed at the close of the volume—"Their record will not altogether die like other records of a day."

H. F. BROWN.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*Borderland.* By Jessie Fothergill. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

*Sara.* By the Hon. Mrs. Henry W. Chetwynd. In 3 vols. (White.)

*The Lady Drusilla.* By Thomas Purnell. (Ward & Downey.)

*In the Change of Years.* By Félise Lovelace. (Vizetelly.)

*Out by the County.* By M. E. Braddon. (Maxwell.)

*The Story of Don Miff.* Edited by Virginius Dabney. (Lippincott.)

*Through Deep Waters.* By Horace A. Nelson. (Sonnenschein.)

MISS FOTHERGILL writes a North-country chronicle in *Borderland*, whose scenes are mainly fixed on the banks of the Tees, not far from Durham. But although there are many charming bits of description in these volumes, the work is essentially a study of character. In this respect, as it seems to us, the author has never been so successful. From the time when she first introduces us in the prologue to the four boys—Michael and Gilbert Langstroth, Roger Camm, and Otho Askham—down to the last glimpse we have of them in mature life, the original idiosyncracies of character are faithfully preserved. The high-mindedness of Michael Langstroth is especially noble—some, perhaps, would describe it as Quixotic; but in these days of wealth-hunger it is refreshing to meet with a human being who has not the art of selfishness. Of course there is a heroine in the story, Magdalen Wynter, but she is far from being a conventional one. She clings to the dark, gloomy, and dissipated Otho Askham to the last—a surprising instance of feminine infatuation and devotion. An estrangement between the two brothers Langstroth plays a conspicuous part in the narrative. To the younger, Gilbert, is left the inheritance which should have come to the elder, and both also love the same woman, Eleanor Askham. She has given her whole soul to the nobler brother, Michael; and matters are adjusted at last by an act of heroism on the part of Gilbert which few would have given him credit for. Miss Fothergill is very happy and terse at times in sketching individuals *en passant*. For example, there is the representative tradesman, Dixon, who

"grew fat by charging sixpence where other people charged fivepence, by a consistent practice of telling many lies during the week, and diligently repenting him of his transgressions and bewailing his sins twice every Sunday in the parish church."

If he had spoken his mind openly he would have said that,

"since the Lord, by putting so much competition into the world, had made it such a hard business for folk to hold their heads above water, He must even excuse them from doing it in the best way they could."

While the *motif* underlying Mrs. Chetwynd's *Sara* can scarcely be called novel, it is undoubtedly worked out with much skill and freshness. Sir Basil Fairlie, a man distinguished in literature, has been disappointed in the other sex early in life; but when he has attained middle age he meets with his fate on the shores of Loch Lomond in the person of Sara Malcolm. She is very beautiful, and attracts admiration on all hands after her marriage; but what she most desires is a warm appreciation of the poetic gift which she believes herself to possess. Her husband is too good a critic to encourage the delusion, but the various steps attending Lady Fairlie's

*désillusionnement* we shall leave the reader to discover for himself. Suffice it to state, that although she married Sir Basil with no stronger feeling than respect, an avalanche of troubles, which falls upon husband and wife, at length draws them together in bonds of the deepest affection. There are many interesting subsidiary episodes in the narrative; and the story of the foreign adventurer, who amasses goods and jewels of all descriptions by a long career of fraud, is no fancy picture, despite its seeming improbability. An exactly similar case was reported some years ago in the newspapers. Mrs. Chetwynd's novel is extremely readable, and there are parts of it which display talent of no common order. At the present time, when Socialism is so much in the air, it is pleasant to come across such healthy sentiments as these respecting the poor:

"People talk with admiration of the 'content' of the poor. I always think that sort of content a bad sign. I should like them to be sufficiently discontented to try and improve their position, to feel that their lives can be brighter, purer, and nobler; that toil need not be always depressing and monotonous, and that God did not give them the gift of life to be passed in misery; for if cleanliness and godliness be allied, misery and vice go as naturally hand in hand."

Mr. Purnell's "psychological romance" is full of cleverness, but those who care for mere plot must look elsewhere for their entertainment. The incidents in *The Lady Drusilla* are few, but they are very striking. Especially is this the case with the cavern scene, the Welsh divination scene, and the murder of the lady who gives the title to the story. The author did not set himself to write a novel upon the old conventional lines. It was his object to represent those states of mind when a human being seems to have a double existence—that which is natural to him, and that which seems to be additional or supernatural. Never have we seen more powerfully portrayed certain psychic states, with their gloomy imaginings and hallucinations. All should read this volume, which is one of the most curious intellectual products of the time. It suggests, with weird and graphic power, what an interesting record might be compiled of cases similar in character to that which the author has depicted, for many such cases have undoubtedly occurred in real life. We hope Mr. Purnell will give us another novel, taking, however, something more general and actual for his subject; for there are chapters in this romance which show him to be possessed of unusual powers of description, and of a refined and cultivated style.

No one can complain of a want of interest in the story entitled *In the Change of Years*. The author writes with ease and vivacity, and her character drawing is vigorous. Indeed, the whole book is full of colour. It is an excellent sermon on the text that "woman lies at the base of all life, whether for good or evil." If, in depicting the seamy side of female life, Miss Lovelace takes us to Monte Carlo and other places, and puts before us all the seductiveness of Eve, we cannot well complain of that; for, unfortunately, she is but too true to human nature, as Thackeray and other great artists have been before her. But our

author is not content with one side of the picture; and while in Circe Romani, the Italian girl, we have a stirring portraiture of the modern siren, in Dymphna Armytage we have a representation of all that is beautiful, faithful, and true in female affection. She is the star of hope to poor Jack Haughton, rising upon him in many a dark scene. We can scarcely forgive the writer for finally separating them by the hand of death. The last chapter is very touching. Altogether, there is considerable promise in this book.

Working within restricted lines in *Cut by the County*, Miss Bradlon had not the scope for evolving one of the plots which, in some of her other novels, rival those of French writers like Gaboriau and Du Boisgobey; but, even in this story—the first of Messrs. Maxwell's "Select Novels"—she distances most writers for the interest she manages to concentrate into a little volume of less than two hundred pages. The title alone will sufficiently indicate the nature of the difficulties which beset the wife of Sir Allan Darnel; but for other points of moment the reader may confidently be recommended to the story itself.

The reader who imagined from the opening pages of *The Story of Don Miff* that it was all a joke would commit a fundamental error. The story is told by Don Miff's friend, John Bouche Whacker, and it is grandiloquently described as "a symphony of life." After some initial pleasantries, and not a little straining to achieve originality of treatment, we find ourselves confronted with a picture of life in Virginia as it was before and during the American Civil War. So far as an Englishman can judge, this picture is a very faithful one, and the work, as a whole, is by no means devoid of seriousness. Many pages are lit up by the fire of humour and vivacity.

We cannot honestly say that there is anything in *Through Deep Waters* to lift it beyond the regions of commonplace; but perhaps the author need not take that seriously to heart, seeing that in this age he occupies the aforesaid regions in the company of myriads of his fellowmen.

G. BARNETT SMITH.

#### GIFT-BOOKS.

No less than four books upon animals now lie on our table. First in dignity is a massive volume by Major J. Fortuné Nott, of the Canadian Militia, entitled, *Wild Animals Photographed and Described* (Sampson Low.) The author, it is easy to see, was first attracted to his subject by the enthusiasm of photography, which induced him to watch closely the habits of the larger quadrupeds in captivity. As a result, he writes of them with the same sort of affection that inspired the lamented Frank Buckland; and it is not without frequent protest that he records the stories of professional hunters. The greater part of the contents are openly quoted from printed books; but the authenticity of the photographs, and the care with which they have been reproduced, give a peculiar distinction to this handsome volume. It is, perhaps, worth noticing that the elephant referred to on p. 308 was the gift, not of Sir Salar Jung, but of Sir Jung Bahadur—a very different person. On the same page (l. 3 from the bottom) there is a ludicrous misprint, which should be added to the *errata*. Mr. H. A.

Page, in his *Animal Anecdotes* (Chatto & Windus) has not attempted to do more than rearrange, on a new principle, the numerous stories already in print that illustrate the intelligence of the "lower" animals—from elephants and monkeys to snails and oysters. The stories do not seem to have been subjected to any criticism. Indeed, one of them is repeated twice over in slightly different language on p. 88 and p. 305. In the year of the Colonial Exhibition, it is startling to find Heligoland described (p. 121) as "an island of Denmark"; and the compiler should have corrected the statement that an *ourang-outang* was brought on board a ship in the river Gaboon. *The Ivory King*, by C. F. Holder (Sampson Low), is not, as the name might be thought to imply, the biography of an African chief, but a popular account of the elephant and its congeners in the geologic past. The author is, we believe, a practised hand in introducing the general reader to the ever fresh wonders of natural history; but he does not write from the personal experience of a Frank Buckland or even a J. G. Wood. Being an American, it is natural that he should give special prominence to Jumbo, to the so-called white elephant, and to other denizens of Mr. Barnum's menagerie. It is, perhaps, for the same reason that the Oriental names are often sadly misspelt; and that Mr. G. P. Sanderson is described as of "Mysore, Bengal," which is as if one should say "Washington, New York." The account of the death of Chuni (p. 193) requires, also, to be corrected by the detailed report given in Major Nott's volume. But, despite blemishes of this sort, Mr. Holder has put together a book which is both instructive and interesting. The fourth and last of our batch is *The Handy Natural History*, by Mr. J. G. Wood (Religious Tract Society). The veteran author here rapidly describes the whole series of Vertebrata, from apes to frogs, in some 360 pages. Of course, many species must be omitted altogether in such a cursory review; but Mr. Wood's discretion may be confidently trusted for what he omits as well as for what he says. Among didactic writers on natural history he has long held the first place. We have read more diverting books from his pen, but none more crammed with information. As was essential, the book is abundantly illustrated; and if many of the pictures are old friends, some of the smaller cuts seem to have been specially made.

*The Young Philistine, and other Stories*. By Miss Alice Cockran. (Burns & Oates.) These stories belong to the higher order of fiction. They are not only written with singular, if quiet, power, but they are original in conception, and sound a deeper note of pathos than we often hear. We scarcely know which to admire most, the story of the *chiffonier* who spends his legacy on a plot of ground in Père la Chaise, or that of the young aesthetic squire who educates Miss Tebbis, or that of the mysterious bag of Miss Martha. We purposely allude to the stories in a manner to give but slight indication of their purport, for they are too fresh and good for us to rob them of their bloom. Perhaps the last story, with its admirable picture of a bright young Parisienne, is the best of all; but its effect is a trifle injured from its similarity in motive to the first. We have said enough, we hope, to make many read this book for themselves; and we shall be surprised if those who read it do not look forward to Miss Cockran's next with no ordinary interest.

*Puck and Pearl*. By Frederika Macdonald. (Chapman & Hall.) Puck is something like a "Herr Baby" in India; Pearl, his sister, does not count for very much. We cannot say that we have an unhesitating confidence in Puck;



but if he is not *vero*, he is *ben trovato*, and the author shows considerable invention in depicting the workings of childish imagination in the strange and picturesque surroundings of Indian life. Puck is a fine little fellow, who lives in a wonderful world of fancy, woven of real life, and the legends he hears from his Ayah. To climb the Himalayas, to obtain the aid of the giants to heal his sick mother, is one of the many strange adventures into which his good heart and vivid fancy lead him. But he is a "comfortable" child, who always "falls upon feathers"; and so he comes out of all his adventures scot-free, or nearly so, and finally returns to England safe and well, but dreaming dreams of a complexity and vividness which would endanger the sanity of any ordinary mortal. On the whole *Puck and Pearl* is to be strongly recommended, in spite of a cover that is sufficient to scare most book buyers.

*Masaniello: a Nine Days' Wonder.* By F. Bayford Harrison. (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) The author frankly gives the authorities on which this story is founded. We confess that we have not been at great pains to detect historical inaccuracies; but we can vouch for the skill with which he has worked the scanty materials of fact into a tale which is as vivid as if told by an eye-witness, and as entertaining as fiction. The main events of the tragedy will be known, perhaps, to many a young reader; but this will not prevent them from enjoying Mr. Harrison's spirited version, which is full of striking incident and of characters well distinguished. Not only *Masaniello*, but *Salvator Rosa*, *Fra Savino*, *Perrone*, and nearly all the other actors in the drama have a measure of individuality not common in books of this kind. The illustrations by Mr. Stanley Berkeley are also to be commended.

*Philippa.* By Mary E. Hullah. (Hatchards.) This is one of those books which it is difficult to lay down, and yet it is not easy to name the cause of its attraction. It is not highly exciting, nor eccentric, nor brilliant. The characters are not extraordinary. The incidents are such as we are well accustomed to expect—a practised novel-reader will learn from the first that *Philippa* will eventually marry the doctor—and the whole book is a trifle tame. Nevertheless, it is one to be safely recommended as affording pure and healthy enjoyment. *Philippa* is charming, and so are Aunt Molly and Baby, while the other characters are well drawn. But perhaps the secret of its success is that it is a thoroughly good and conscientious piece of work, without pretence or affectation, written by one who has a true literary gift and a good deal of art in using it.

*Father Aldur: a Water Story.* By Agnes Giberne. (Seeley.) He who only gives a hasty glance into this book will likely enough conclude that it contains a strong element of the supernatural, the imposing figure of a water spirit appearing in nearly all the illustrations. This, however, would be a mistake. *Father Aldur* is merely the personification in children's minds of the river on whose banks they live; and it is the stream itself which supplies the basis to the story, and gives cause to the many adventures related. Miss Giberne writes well, and her book deserves special praise on several grounds. There is something imaginative in the telling of the story which will be sure to make it attractive; and it possesses the charm of local colour, an exceedingly rare quality in Christmas books. It has the further merit of being a tale of adventure without going beyond home. It is indeed to be hoped that boys and girls do not as a rule run quite so many hairbreadth escapes from death; for if they did, the chances would be strongly against their always coming through scot-free. Miss Giberne is, however, quite

right not to destroy the cheerful tone of her tale by killing off any of her young heroes and heroines.

*Loss or Gain.* By the Author of "A Hero-Poet." (S. P. C. K.) This is a story of a country boy's start in life, of his going to town to learn a trade, and of how he fared in his new surroundings. Books which begin thus have so strong a similarity that we know what to expect; but the author is to be congratulated on a certain freshness in the treatment of a hackneyed motif. Charlie Northcote does not, like so many of his predecessors, succumb to town temptations and finish by an edifying repentance. He is not a prodigal, but a prig; and instead of being led away by his fellow-workmen he considers himself so superior a person that he will have nothing to do with them. This is clearly a mistake, as several of them are in the most important respects clearly his betters; but, of course, before the story comes to an end Charlie learns to appraise himself a little more accurately. The tale is both interesting and wholesome.

*Rags and Rainbows.* By Margaret Haycroft. (Cassell.) It is easy to trace the connexion between this story and part of its title, for rags are plentiful; but the rainbows, either real or metaphorical, need to be looked for with some intendment, and are not found in any profusion. The tale deals with the experiences of some children who are obliged, with the help of a few kind friends, to support themselves and their aged grandmother, their mother having been imprisoned on a false charge of implication in a robbery. The re-appearance of the father at the close of the story confirms an impression, previously formed, that Miss Haycroft has studied and followed *Hesba Stretton's* tale, *Little Meg's Children*, not wisely but too well.

*Broken Glass; or, Brave Jim and his Troubles.* By L. F. W. (Houlston.) We suppose that this book is meant to be given away as a Sunday-school prize. Jim, the hero, goes through a great many troubles and trials; but he always remains the same good, steady fellow. He is falsely accused of having broken the glass in some frames in a garden, and once again he is said to have broken more glass when he had not done so. But in the end it all turns out for the best; and though he is not able to be a gardener as he wished to do, yet he becomes a partner in the business that he learns to please his father. We must protest against the death of Mary. She is the kind of character that always does die in Sunday-school books. Have we not, even after all these years, got over the influence of *Little Nell* and *Paul Dombey*?

*Five Thousand Pounds.* By Agnes Giberne. (Nisbet.) This book seems to have been written as a temperance tract; but we cannot quite make out whether the heroine's father comes to grief because he drank, or because he liked to have a hot dinner on Sunday. Miss Giberne is a writer whose books are popular among a certain class of readers, and some of them are really pretty tales; but in this one she is by no means at her best. The idea of a cottager having five thousand pounds left to him, and then taking to drinking, is by no means a novel one, though we think the sum of money is larger than is usual in such stories; but we never remember to have met with such a little prig as the child who tells the tale. It was quite enough to make any man go to the public-house, if she talked in the way she writes. It is to be hoped that no child into whose hands this book may come will try to imitate her.

*Dickie's Attic.* By Catherine Shaw. (Shaw.) This is a story in the pathetic-religious style,

and is very good in its kind. It illustrates the good the poor can do to one another, and the potent influence of industry and good manners both in the moral and social sense among the poorer classes when shown by one of themselves. The illustrations by M. Irwin are in excellent taste, and very effective.

*Engel the Fearless.* By Elizabeth Harcourt Mitchell. (S.P.C.K.) If we may judge from the motto on the title-page of this story it would seem that the object of the writer is to illustrate Longfellow's words "the power of love in all ages creates angels," and it is attained with very considerable success. The angel in this case is a mother who, by her brave, self-sacrificing love, rescues her children from a life of captivity. Some of the characters are drawn with considerable vigour—notably two children, a boy and a girl who have never come under any controlling or ennobling influences, and in whom therefore the evil is active, the good latent. The story of their regeneration under the influence of love is prettily and naturally told.

*The Lads of Little Clayton, or, Stories of Village Bay Life.* By R. Stead. Illustrated. (Blackie.) This book is made up of short tales about the sayings and doings of boys. It is like many other books of the same class, and we do not see much in it either to praise or to blame.

*Jud.* By Helen Shipton. (S. P. C. K.) This is an interesting, but a little overwrought, sketch of a young man, George (or Jud) Rogers, of the "Mark Tapley" type, with a little abatement, however, of the buoyant animal spirits of Dickens's extremely fictitious character. Of course, the story has a purpose; but we are pleased to note that this is broadly ethical, rather than obtrusively ecclesiastical. "Jud" is a noble fellow, albeit his picture does artistically suffer from extravagant hues and over-charged sentiment.

*We Wives; or, All Hallowe'en.* By L. Cooper. (Shaw.) This story is classed by its publishers among "Attractive Stories for Elder Girls." We have no objection to the classification. With some defects, such as a stilted style and a too great stress on luxury and grandeur as the due rewards of self-sacrifice, the story is not unattractive. May we hope that those of our elder girls who are accustomed to find their chief attraction in the novels of *Ouida* or *Miss Broughton* will agree with our estimate of *We Wives*?

*Madge Hardwicke,* by Agnes Giberne (Shaw), may be briefly described as a pathetic but common-place story of sea-life. The religious element—the teaching of one particular school of theology—is, perhaps, a trifle too obtrusive. But the author, as well as the puppets of her own creation, is evidently sincere, and sincerity of whatever kind must command a certain amount of respect.

*Aunt Edna.* (S.P.C.K.) This is a story for and concerning children, to which we must pay the compliment that it portrays the language and ways of its young subjects with no small ability and success.

*Gladys Ramsay.* By Mrs. M. Douglas. (Griffith, Farran & Co.) Though not wholly devoid of interest, this is a commonplace story. The young ladies therein described are in the habit of venting their discontent by such phrases as "nasty" and "horrid," and the author must be congratulated on an addition to the already large resources of conventional slang. She describes one of her characters as "in a state of stupid mannish amazement." The phrase describes with some uncouthness the feeling engendered in us by sundry portions of the book.

*My First Curacy*, by Tregelles Polkinghorne, (*Christian Commonwealth*), is an interesting but unequal work. The plot is well conceived and dexterously developed. Generally the tone and feeling are excellent, but it is in parts crude, verbose, and pretentious. The author must learn to cultivate simplicity and compression. He clearly has the capacity to produce better work.

*The Roses of Ringwood*, by Emma Marshall, (Nisbet), is on the whole a prettily told story of twin roses—Rosamund and Rosalind—both of them, though in different ways, very charming young ladies. It is gracefully dedicated "To the dear Child-Roses of England in the Garden, and by the Wayside," to whom we can conscientiously recommend it.

*Young Ishmael Conway*, by E. A. B. D. (Shaw), is a pathetic record of a lad who, by dint of perseverance, emerges from the London slums into a life of respectability and independence. The tone of the book is healthy.

*Seeking his Fortune*, and other Stories, (Griffith, Farran & Co.), is a collection of five different stories of varying subjects and interest. They all attain a fairly high level of excellence, and may safely be commended to the boys for whom they were intended.

*Elsie's Girlhood*, by Martha Farquharson, (Griffith, Farran & Co.), is a continuation of the author's *Elsie Dinmore*, published some years since. All little girls who ended Elsie's history, as they do any similar story, with the query, "And what did she do afterwards?" will no doubt be glad to read this history of her "girlhood."

*Our Example* (S.P.C.K.) consists of a number of short studies on the character of Christ. Originally delivered to a Bible class, they seem admirably adapted for young persons of both sexes. The illustrations by which the various excellencies of "our example" are enforced seem to us peculiarly cogent and happy.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

We hear that Mrs. Oliphant's *Life of the late Principal Tulloch* will not be ready before Easter.

A HISTORY of the United States, in two volumes is announced by Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co. The work covers the whole period from the foundation of Virginia and Plymouth down to the close of the War of Secession and the re-establishment of self-government in the Southern States. The author, Mr. Percy Greg, has been known from the publication of his first volume of verse—*Interleaves*, in 1875—as a strong sympathiser with the Southern cause; and this work is, perhaps, the first historical account of the Civil War and its causes from that standpoint by one who was not an actor on the stage.

MESSRS. LONGMANS are about to publish Part I. of a new and enlarged edition of Dr. Bain's *Rhetoric and Composition*. In this edition the author proposes to omit a number of the topics comprised in the existing work, and to bestow a greatly expanded treatment upon points selected on account of their importance as well as their suitability to pupils of a certain standing. In Part I. the subjects are: order of words, number of words, the sentence, the paragraph, figures of speech, and intellectual qualities of style. Part II., which will speedily follow, is exclusively devoted to the emotional qualities of style, and is meant to be an introduction to the higher criticism of poetical literature. Part I. will be accompanied by a small volume, entitled "On Teaching English," which is partly controversial and partly didactic. It discusses the various methods of

English teaching at present in use, and exemplifies the rhetorical method in a series of select lessons. It also handles, at some length, the vexed question of the definition of poetry.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHN & Co. will shortly publish a work by Mr. H. Mortimer Franklyn, entitled *The Limit of Imperial Federation*. The author claims to have found a complete solution of the problem in the Imperial Institute proposed by the Prince of Wales, and has treated the subject exhaustively from its conception down to the present time.

The next volume in the series of "Epochs of Modern History" will be *The Early Tudors*, by the Rev. C. E. Moberly.

A CHEAP edition of Prof. Drummond's *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* is announced by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton to appear early next month.

MESSRS. CROSBY LOCKWOOD & Co. will shortly issue a new edition of *Every Man's Own Lawyer*, by a Barrister, including selections from all the recent Acts of Parliament.

THE last quarto issued in Dr. Furnivall's series of "Shakspeare Quarto Facsimiles" is that of *The Taming of a Shrew* (1594), from the Duke of Devonshire's unique original. This is the play which Shakspeare helped another adapter—not Marlowe—to turn into "The Taming of the Shrew," and from which he largely borrowed in the famous scenes between Kate and Grumio, Grumio and the Tailor, &c. M. Praetorius photographed the quarto, and Mr. Kell lithographed it.

THE following is the speech delivered at Cambridge by the Public Orator, Dr. Sandys, on December 9, in presenting for the honorary degree of Doctor in Letters, Sir Thomas Francis Wade, K.C.B., formerly British Minister in China, who has recently taken up his residence in Cambridge and has given a very valuable collection of Chinese books to the university library:

"Salutamus deinceps virum insignem qui iuventutem armis, aetatem mediam litteris, annos maturos Academiæ, vitam vero totam patriæ dedicavit. Salutamus legatum illustrem, cuius fidei et tutelæ imperii Britannici causa, in extrema Orientis ora, inter Seras illos remotos, auspiciis optimis olim tradita est. Salutamus denique virum doctissimum, qui bibliothecam nostram beneficio auxit singulari, sapientiæ orientalis divitiis, quas cura infinita per tot annos congregasset, Academiæ nostræ in perpetuum donatis. Tanti vero muneris et auctor et interpres et custos Academiæ nostram utinam plurimos in annos exornet; quique orientem prope solem ætatis prioris in luce patriæ nomen illustrius reddidit, idem inter Academiæ nostræ occidentalis umbras, vesperscente leniter vitæ die, hospes honoratus diutissime supersit.

ἀσπρὴ δὲ πρὶν ἐλαμπες ἔφως πατρίδι φέγγος,  
λάμπ' Ἀκαδημίας ἑσπερος ἡμετέρας."

THE editor of *Little Folks* is sending this week to children's hospitals throughout the country (as for many years past) hundreds of painting-books, dolls, knitted articles, toys, scrap albums, needlework, &c., which have been provided by readers of the magazine.

WE have received a number of "Letts's Diaries" for 1887, which are now published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. They retain all the familiar features, both in substance and form, which entitle them to the boast of being "the best in existence."

A CORRESPONDENT writes:

"What Mr. Addington Symonds has penned and Mr. Andrew Lang has passed, might be supposed beyond the reach of hostile criticism, yet I read on p. 156 of the former's *Memoir of Ben Jonson*, in the 'English Worthies' edited by the latter, that 'No one, I presume, is ignorant how specially

fortunate was Samuel Johnson in having *Alexander Boswell*, the younger, of Auchinleck, Esq., for his biographer."

CORRECTION.—With reference to an announcement in the ACADEMY of last week of Mr. Haverfield's raised map of Syracuse, it should have been stated that the horizontal scale is "three inches to a mile," not "nearly a mile to an inch."

#### THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE January number of *The Manx Notebook* (Douglas: Johnson) will contain an article on "The Manx Runic Inscriptions" by Dr. Vigfusson, who, as has already been stated in the ACADEMY, has recently studied these monuments on the spot. As this has never before been done by any competent Scandinavian scholar, the paper is of exceptional importance. We are informed that Dr. Vigfusson has been able to correct the readings of his predecessors in several material points. Canon Taylor will continue the discussion on the ornamentation of the Manx crosses, and Dr. Beddoe will contribute a paper on "The Physical Anthropology of Manxmen." The number will also contain a short biography of Sir John Stanley, with a portrait from the original at Knowsley; and an old Manx Christmas Carol.

THE January number of the *Hobby Horse* will contain a reproduction of a recent picture by Mr. G. F. Watts; poems by Christina Rossetti, Selwyn Image, and Herbert P. Horne; a photogravure from the life-mask of William Blake, by permission of Mr. George Richmond; a prose translation of Victor Hugo's "Rose of the Infanta," by the late Anne Gilchrist, with an illustration by H. H. Gilchrist.

THE next issue of the *Antiquary* will give an account, from a proclamation of Queen Elizabeth, of an attack by the apprentices upon Lincoln's Inn. "Archie Armstrong and Archbishop Laud" will be the title of a paper *apropos* of Mr. Glindoni's picture in the last Academy exhibition. Other contributions will be an account of the Morgan family of Llantarnam Abbey, "Old Cornish Fonts," the Ducal palace of Venice, &c.

THE January number of *Time* will contain articles on "The Liberal Union," by Col. Hozier; "Mr. Brown," II., by Mr. H. Pottinge Stephens; "Notes on the Poems of Mr. Matthew Arnold," by Mr. Armine B. Kent; and "A Mysterious Tale," by Mr. Britiffe Skottowe.

MR. HEATH's pictorial magazine, *Illustrations*, in its January number (which will be published by Messrs. W. Kent & Co., of Paternoster Row), will include an article by Mr. Heath, entitled "The Charm of Fern Culture"; an illustrated article on "Hunting the Carted Deer," by Mr. Walter Winans; "Round about St. Malo," by Miss Margaret Thomas; and "Some Famous Autographs," including those of Lord Salisbury, Lord Randolph Churchill, and the author of "Lorna Doone."

WITH a view to give children an opportunity of participating in the Queen's Jubilee celebration, the editor of *Little Folks* has arranged a scheme of considerable magnitude, having a direct bearing on the event. This scheme includes several competitions, which are divided into three classes, for girls and boys of varying ages, so that all children of from five to sixteen years may compete on equal terms. There will be upwards of one hundred prizes, including three of the value of £20 each, and three of the value of £10 each. Full particulars and the regulations will be given in the January number.

PROF. HENRY DRUMMOND is one of the contributors to the *British Weekly*; and an article



from his pen on "How I wrote Natural Law in the Spiritual World" will appear in the number for January 7.

PRINCIPAL H. R. REICHEL will contribute to the January *Red Dragon*, the national magazine of Wales, a paper on "The Future of Welsh Education." The same number will contain a life of the hitherto almost unknown Welsh saint, Mellon, compiled by the Rev. Father George Cormack from the recently published "Actes des Saints de Diocèse de Rouen."

"How to be Happy, though Single," is the title of a paper, by the author of "How to be Happy, though Married," which will appear in the January number of *Cassell's Magazine*.

A NEW Parisian valse will be issued as a separate sheet with the January number of the *Lady's World*.

Northampton Notes and Queries will, from the first of January, be published by Mr. Elliot Stock.

### ORIGINAL VERSE.

TO WORDSWORTH.

GREAT one, whom Nature never did betray  
Because thou lov'dst her, teach us too to know  
That love: teach us to watch the peaceful glow  
Of sunset, and be peaceful; feel the day  
Black with the storm-cloud, till we stand and say—  
"That is my mood!" to love the river's flow,  
The stars and birds and flowers; and ever go  
In sympathy with Nature, grave or gay.  
For Nature loved thee too: thou wast so dear  
To her large heart that she bestowed on thee  
The beauty of herself, and tuned thine ear  
To all her voices: so amid the free  
Full sounding of thy verse we seem to hear  
The eternal music of Earth, Air, and Sea.

SIDNEY A. ALEXANDER.

### OBITUARY.

THE county of Leicester has recently lost two of its antiquaries of repute. The Venerable Archdeacon Pownall, who contributed several papers to the *Transactions* of the Leicestershire Architectural and Archaeological Society, died at Dover on November 24. A still more active clerical enthusiast in the antiquities of Leicestershire, the Rev. John Harwood Hill, died at Cranoe rectory on December 3, aged seventy-seven. He graduated at Peterhouse, Cambridge, in 1834; and after serving one or two curacies was appointed in 1837 by Lord Cardigan to the rectory of Cranoe, and by the Lord Chancellor in 1841 to the vicarage of Welham, two benefices of the conjoint value of £500 per annum, situated within a few miles of Market Harborough. In August, 1846, the ancient village church of Cranoe was much damaged in a storm, and through the rector's exertions a new church was built in 1849 by subscription. The church of Welham was also restored during his incumbency, and in 1838 the rectory house at Cranoe was rebuilt largely from his means. Mr. Hill had a large family. Several of his children died in early life, and are commemorated at Cranoe. Another of them, John Daniel Hill, M.D., and F.R.C.S., the staff surgeon to the Royal Free and Royal Orthopaedic Hospitals, died on April 14, 1875, aged thirty-six, of erysipelas, while carrying on his arduous professional duties. Mr. Hill's wife died October 1, 1874, aged fifty-eight.

Mr. Hill's first work was entitled *Chronicles of the Christian Ages*. It contained a chronological record of events, ecclesiastical, civil, and military, and was printed at Uppingham in two volumes. When the erection of a new church at Tor Langton was proposed, Mr. Hill conceived the idea of supplementing the building fund by the sale of a history of the parish of Langton. Funds for the church were obtained elsewhere;

but he persevered in his object, and his collections expanded into a *History of Langton and of several Parishes in the Hundred of Gartree in Leicestershire* (1867), which was illustrated with pen and ink sketches of his own. After the publication of the work Mr. Hill continued amassing materials for the history of the county; and in 1875 he issued a second volume on Market Harborough and the remaining parishes of Gartree Hundred, which was similarly illustrated to its predecessor. The first of these works contained a full account of Cradock, the friend of Dr. Johnson; and in it, as well as in its successor, were embodied many exhaustive pedigrees, including the Vanes and the Noels. Mr. Hill was the local secretary of the Leicestershire Architectural and Archaeological Society; and to its *Transactions* he supplied many family articles, of which the most remarkable were on the families of Langton (with some details of the life of Bennet Langton, another of Johnson's friends) and on Tailbois' memoirs of the archdeacons of Leicester, and on the prebendaries of St. Margaret's, Leicester. He also compiled a black letter catalogue, with etchings, of the library at Deene, the country seat of the late Earl of Cardigan.

SWITZERLAND has lost one of her most characteristic dialect story-tellers by the death of Pfarrer J. B. Egli, the parish priest of Oldberg in Canton Aarau. Many who did not know his name were familiar with his popular tales under the pseudonym so characteristic of the man, "Hans Graduus" ("Jack Straightforward"). Many of his stories appeared under another pseudonym, "Waldbruder Makkari." Pfarrer Egli was one of the small band of Swiss Catholic priests who refused to accept the Vatican decrees of 1870.

### MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

In the *Revista Contemporanea* for November the Conde de Valdosera maintains the absolute necessity of unity in the supreme command of the general-governor of colonial possessions. Jimeno Agius laments the increase of suicide in Spain, while showing by statistics that it is less than in other countries of Europe. Becerro de Bengoa eulogises the late historical painter, president of the Spanish school at Rome, D. José Casado del Alisal. Much of the article is occupied with a description of his studio in Madrid, where he died this autumn, leaving unfinished his Apotheosis of Shakspeare. His finest picture is said to be "El regalo de la Moña." Adolfo de Sandoval's "Study of the Middle Ages" is chiefly a panegyric of St. Augustine; a chapter of a forthcoming novel by the same author is also given. Both are marked by a somewhat florid eloquence and religious sentiment which recall Chateaubriand. The instalment of Sanroma's memoirs gives us his appreciation of the historical and literary authors which he chiefly studied, and Garcia Ramon's Letters from Paris deal with the last works of Renan and Tolstoi, and with Guyau's *Irreligion de l'Avenir* which is favourably noticed. Pardo de Bazan's last novel, *Los Pazos de Ulloa*, with its autobiographical preface, meets with high praise in both these numbers.

### SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

#### GENERAL LITERATURE.

- CHAMPIER, V. Les anciens almanachs illustrés. Paris: Frizine. 75 fr.  
CHEVALIER, E. Les salaires au XIX<sup>e</sup> Siècle. Paris: Rousseau. 8 fr.  
CLARETIE, J. La Canne de M. Michelet. Paris: Conquet. 35 fr.  
FUEBWAENGER, A., u. G. LORSCHKE. Mykenische Vasen. Vorthellenische Thongefässe aus dem Gebiete d. Mittelmeeres. Berlin: Asher. 115 M.

- GAUTIER, L. Histoire de la poésie liturgique au moyen âge: les tropes. Paris: Palmé. 10 fr.  
HARVEN, E. de. Mission commerciale en Nouvelle-Zélande: Rapport général. Paris: Vieweg. 10 fr.  
LE BON, G. Les civilisations de l'Inde. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 80 fr.  
MILLAUD, A. La comédie du jour sous la république athénienne. Paris: Plon. 30 fr.  
REICHEL, E. Shakspeare-Litteratur. Stuttgart: Bonz. 8 M. 50 Pf.  
RIVS, L. de la. Religion et libre pensée. Le paradis regagné d'après Milton. Basel: Georg. 2 M. 50 Pf.  
WACHS, O. Die Weltstellung Englands, militärisch-politisch beleuchtet namentlich m. Bezug auf Russland. Kassel: Fischer. 4 M.

### THEOLOGY, ETC.

- ROESLER, A. Der katholische Dichter Aurelius Prudentius Clemens. Ein Beitrag zur Kirchen- u. Dogmengeschichte d. 4. u. 5. Jahrh. Freiburg-L-B.: Herder. 7 M.  
SCHULTZ, J. F. v. Der Altkatholicismus. Geschichte seiner Entwicklung, inneren Gestaltung u. rechtlichen Stellung in Deutschland. Giessen: Roth. 12 M.  
VORLTER, D. Die Offenbarung Johannis, keine ursprünglich jüdische Apokalypse. Tübingen: Heckenhauser. 1 M.

### HISTORY, ETC.

- ALLAIRE, E. La Bruyère dans la maison de Condé. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 16 fr.  
BOIS-MELLY, Ch. du. Eve de la Paale. Episode de la guerre de Genève 1583-1590. Basel: Georg. 3 M. 50 Pf.  
BIENEMANN, F. Conrad v. Scharffenberg, Bischof v. Speier u. Metz u. kaiserl. Hofkanzler 1200-1224. Strassburg: Heitz. 2 M. 50 Pf.  
EBELING, F. W. August v. Sachsen (1553-1586). Berlin: Heine. 1 M. 80 Pf.  
GASQUY, A. Clécron juriconsulte, avec une table des principaux passages relatifs au droit contenu dans les œuvres de Clécron. Paris: Thorin. 5 fr.  
GEFFOKEN, J. De Stephano Byzantio capta duo. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 1 M. 50 Pf.  
GIEL, Ch. Kleine Beiträge zur antiken Numismatik Russlands. Berlin: Weyl. 6 M.  
GUTHAL, G. Mirabeau et la Provence en 1789. Paris: Thorin. 5 fr.  
HUNFALVY, P. Neuere Erscheinungen der rumänischen Geschichtsschreibung. Tschesch: Prochaska. 4 M.  
JURITSCH, G. Adalbero, Graf v. Weis u. Lambach, Bischof v. Würzburg u. Gründer d. Benediktiner-Stiftes Lambach in Ober-Oesterreich. Ein Beitrag zum Investitur-Kampfe. Braunschweig: Schwetschke. 4 M.  
NAHNER, J. Die Burgen in Elsass-Lothringen. Ein Beitrag zur Kenntnis der Militär-Architektur d. Mittelalters. Strassburg: Noirel. 8 M.  
PENKA, K. Die Herkunft der Arier. Neue Beiträge zur histor. Anthropologie der europ. Völker. Tschesch: Prochaska. 3 M. 20 Pf.  
POMTOW, P. De Xantho et Herodoto rerum lydiarum scriptoribus. Jena: Pohle. 1 M.  
URKUNDBUCH, Siegener. Hrg. v. F. Philippi. 1. Abth. Bis 1350. Siegen: Kogler. 6 M.  
WATTENBACH, W. Ueb. die Inquisition gegen die Waldenser in Pommern u. der Mark Brandenburg. Berlin: Reimer. 4 M.

### PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BEITRÄGE zur Kenntnis d. russischen Reiches. 2. Folge. 9. Bd. Uebersicht der Säugthiere u. Vögel der Kola-Halbinsel. Von Th. Fieske. 2. Thl. St. Petersburg. 2 M. 60 Pf.  
KROENER, E. Das körperliche Gefühl. Ein Beitrag zur Entwicklungsgeschichte d. Geistes. Breslau: Treves. 6 M.  
RANKE, J. Der Mensch. 2. Bd. Die heutigen u. die vorgeschichtlichen Menschenrassen. Leipzig: Meyer. 14 M.  
RUGE, G. Untersuchungen ü. die Gesichtsmuskulatur der Primaten. Leipzig: Engelmann. 24 M.  
SANTER, H. Theorie d. Gaussischen Pendels, mit Rücksicht auf die Rotation der Erde. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1 M. 60 Pf.  
STRUBZ, A. Ueb. die Schichtenfolge in den Carbonablagerungen im südlichen Thell d. Moskauer Kohlenbeckens. St. Petersburg. 3 M. 80 Pf.

### PHILOLOGY.

- CRAMER, F. De perfecti conjunctivi usu potential apud priscae scriptores latinos. Düsseldorf: Deiters. 1 M.  
DENIS, Jacques. La comédie grecque. Paris: Hachette. 15 fr.  
FIEVILLE, Ch. Une Grammaire latine inédite du XII<sup>e</sup> siècle, extraite des manuscrits no. 465 de laon et no. 15492 (fonds latin) de la bibliothèque nationale. Paris: Picard. 5 fr.  
GRIMM, J. u. W. Deutsches Wörterbuch. 12. Bd. 1. Lfg. Bearb. v. E. Wülker. Leipzig: Hirzel. 2 M.  
GROSCH, G. De codice Cosiniano 120. Jena: Neuenhahn. 1 M. 35 Pf.  
MUELLER, G. De L. Annae Senecae quaestiones naturalibus. Bonn: Behrendt. 1 M. 20 Pf.  
PLANER, H. De haud et haudquaquam negationum apud scriptores Latinos usu. Jena: Pohle. 1 M. 50 Pf.  
SCHROETER, F. Ad Thucydidis librum VII. quaestiones philologicae. Königsberg-O. Pr.: Koch. 1 M.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

"A NOTICEABLE MAN WITH LARGE GREY EYES."

London: Dec. 13, 1886.

Mr. Dowden quotes Mr. Traill to prove that Coleridge's contributions to the *Courier* in 1811 were vastly inferior to the articles of a dozen years before in the *Morning Post*. Mr. Traill is right; but the story of Coleridge's connexion with the *Courier* would explain this inferiority, and show that it was due to no fault of Coleridge's. That story has never been told. It will be found at full length in a short biography of Coleridge by me which will be published in January. The reason assigned by Josiah Wedgwood for withdrawing his share of the pension was a silly and illogical subterfuge; but if it had been the true reason it must have cancelled every obligation under which Coleridge stood to him. Whether Coleridge was chargeable with the inferiority of his contributions to the *Courier*, or whether Wedgwood was right in withdrawing the pension, are considerations that do not at all concern the point raised by me. Mr. Dowden said that in 1811-12 Coleridge was "toiling wearily amid the quicksands of his own infirmities." I say that he was then working like a man, and a strong man.

Independently of Mr. Knight's excellent *Wordsworth*, I happened to know that the families of the Wordsworths and the Coleridges have always understood that Coleridge was meant by "the noticeable man with large grey eyes." It has also come to my knowledge that, since the point was raised in Mr. Dowden's book and in my review, some of the remaining members of these families still adhere to that. But one can have no hesitation in saying that they are wrong. It is true that the personal description agrees with that of Dorothy Wordsworth in 1797; but even that description seems to be incorrect as to a leading point. Hazlitt, who painted Coleridge's portrait, described (see the *Liberal*) the poet's eyes as dark, and dark in their lustre. I could give at least two other proofs that Coleridge's eyes were not grey in the year 1802. Let any reader take up the poem and ask himself if, by any possibility of interpretation, the sixth and seventh stanzas can apply to Coleridge. Then let him read the first, second, and third stanzas and say if the description does not exactly tally with the manner of man he thinks Coleridge to have been. If the hint of physical activity in the second stanza presents a difficulty, I shall ask him to defer his judgment until I have been able to show in the little book already written what Coleridge's personal habits were from 1800 to 1803.

Who, then, was "the noticeable man with large grey eyes"? Mr. Dowden says William Calvert. From information which has been obtained for me by my friend, Mr. Edwin Jackson (Hawthorns, Keswick), I am now satisfied that Mr. Dowden is wrong. I have three reasons for objecting: (1) because William Calvert was not "a noticeable man with large grey eyes": his eyes—according to the only remaining authority—were dark, or very dark hazel, and his hair was of the deepest black; (2) because the Calvert family have never had the vaguest notion that Wordsworth had done William Calvert the honour of a full-length portrait; (3) because the poem says that the people of the valley often wondered what business the noticeable man could have among them, and William Calvert had the most substantial business, and the very clearest right. I learn through Mr. J. Fisher Crosthwaite, a Cumberland antiquary of distinction, that the names of Calvert and Raisley, in the neighbourhood of Keswick, go back in an unbroken line to the sixteenth century, and that from the

period of the German colony these names have represented persons of almost the highest local interest. This fact—if Calvert were meant—seems to convict Wordsworth of extraordinary ignorance. The noticeable man was certainly not Coleridge, and—with all deference to Mr. Dowden's judgment—I think as certainly not Calvert. Who was he? He must have been a stranger in South-west Cumberland; a man of poetic sympathies, but not, necessarily, a poet; and a person gifted with an extraordinary faculty for industrious idleness.

The Chesnut Cottage problems (!) are hardly worth more comment. Miss Melene Dare is dead. The house was altered considerably some time after Shelley's visit; but my general description is, I am told, almost exactly accurate. As to the two and a half guineas a week said to have been paid by Shelley, Mr. Jackson, who has spoken to Mrs. Dare (Gideon Dare's daughter-in-law), says that the payment was, as Mr. Dowden infers, for board and lodgings, and that Shelley never rented Chesnut Cottage at all, but lodged and boarded there. Touching the burglaries, Mr. Jackson writes:

"I cannot find from Keswick folk that anything of the kind occurred. Peter Crosthwaite, of the Museum, who noted down in his diary everything of consequence, has left no mention of these burglaries. I think Shelley's poetic mind may have been alarmed at a little horse-play."

T. HALL CAINE.

Cheltenham: Dec. 14, 1886.

Mr. Dowden, in his letter last week, says: "Possibly he [De Quincey] makes elsewhere a clearer statement, now forgotten by me."

In the *Confessions of an English Opium-eater* (p. 6, author's edition) De Quincey imagines Coleridge saying,

"Know all men by these presents that I, S. T. C., a noticeable man with large grey eyes,\* am a licensed opium-eater, whereas this other man is a buccaneer, a pirate, a filibuster, and can have none but a forged license in his disreputable pocket. In the name of Virtue, arrest him!"

The following note is added:

"\* See Wordsworth's exquisite picture of S. T. C. and himself as occasional denizens in the 'Castle of Indolence.'"

W. J. NEWCOMB.

## THE MOABITE STONE.

Cambridge: Dec. 7, 1886.

Profs. Smend and Socin in their recent tract on the Moabite Stone, referred to in the *ACADEMY* of November 27, have confirmed some of the doubtful readings suggested by M. Clermont-Ganneau in the *Revue Critique*, ii., 1875, as well as, in some instances, giving new ones. The readings אֱלֹהֵי יְהוָה, l. 12, and אֱלֹהֵי יְהוָה, lines 17, 18, belong to the former class. It is not, however, easy to accept their translation, "Altaraufsatz D W D H" and "Altaraufsätze Jahwe's" for these somewhat obscure words. As Dr. Neubauer has already pointed out, the verb כָּרַב, which is used in reference to them, seems to require a living being as an object, Jer. xxii. 19, xv. 3, xlix. 20 (although this is not the case 2 Sam. xvii. 13), and the meaning of אֱלֹהֵי is probably mighty one, or hero, as in 2 Sam. xxxiii. 20. It is interesting to notice the difference between the two statements in l. 12, "and I brought back from there ('Ataroth) the mighty one of Dodo," and in ll. 17, 18, "and I took from there (Nebo) the mighty ones of Jahveh." The words Dodo and Jahveh seem to imply that the אֱלֹהֵי had some priestly office, and "I brought back" in l. 12 may point to יְהוָה as a divinity which was properly inferior to Kemos', although here there was a defection.

In the difficult passage, Ezek. xliii. 15, it seems almost necessary to take אֱלֹהֵי as some upper part of the altar; and this would be a very appropriate name for Jerusalem in Isaiah xxix. 1. (cf. Is. i. 11), and if אֱלֹהֵי, Is. xxxiii. 7, be the right reading, we probably have a plural formed from it, "the inhabitants of Ariel"; but, on the other hand, we find this word with a wholly different meaning in 2 Sam. xxxiii. 20, "two mighty men of Moab." It is

possible that we have here in אֱלֹהֵי a local word in use in Moab and the neighbourhood, from Gilead to "the desert of the sea," as the local אֱלֹהֵי was among the Philistines. Brugsch-Bey (*Ges. Aeg.*, c. xiv.) finds the word in this sense in an Egyptian letter of the time of Rameses II., and considers it to be an indication of Semitic influence. A similar name אֱלֹהֵי is found among the Gadites (Gen. xli. 16, and Numb. xxvi. 17), and it is possible we find a shortened form of it in 2 Sam. xxxiii. 20 (may we compare this, בָּאֵר, Numb. xxi. 16, and אֱלֹהֵי, Is. xv. 8?). This, perhaps, is more probable than that we should have אֱלֹהֵי as the latter part of the compound אֱלֹהֵי. If this be the shortened form of a Moabitish word meaning "a chief," or "hero," we might naturally find it in connexion with Gilead (2 Kings xv. 25), "the desert of the sea," Is. xxi. 8; and with Moab in Is. xv. 9, in this place there may be a play upon the word (cf. Is. xxx. 7), "the ruler shall be fierce as a lion." If this be so, אֱלֹהֵי should have somewhat the same meaning as דְּמִמָּה "silence," "desolation." Probably, as Dr. Neubauer says, the root אֱלֹהֵי meant "strength"; and it is possible we may find it in עֲלֵי מוֹאב and עֲלֵי מוֹאב, the א and ע being interchanged as אֱלֹהֵי (Is. xv. 8), and עֲלֵי (Ezek. xliii. 10). Perhaps we find the same root in the Gadite name, אֱלֹהֵי (Numb. xxvi. 17), which may be for אֱלֹהֵי, where the אֱלֹהֵי would be the דוד of l. 12. With דוד we may compare דודו ביה לחם, "Dodo of Bethlehem," 2 Sam. xxxiii. 24; and this name Dodo, as well as David, may connect Bethlehem with a Moabitish cult. Perhaps this may explain why David selected Moab as a place of refuge for his father and mother (1 Sam. xxi. 3). Is it possible we have in Is. xv. 8 a reference to 'Arel, and that we should read עֲלֵי מוֹאב וְאֶרֶל וְאֶרֶל וְאֶרֶל יִלְלָהּ?

G. W. COLLINS.

## SHELTA, THE TINKERS' LANGUAGE

Manchester: Dec. 8, 1886.

May I be allowed to note that Mr. Leland first broached this subject, not at the recent Orientalist Congress in Vienna, but in *Macmillan's Magazine*; and afterwards enlarged upon it in the last chapter of his *Gypsies* (Trübner, 1882), where he quotes about 250 words, the majority of which he obtained from an Irish tinker in America.

The Syrian tinkers' talk may be that given in Seetzen's *Reisen durch Syrien* (Berlin, 1854), second part, p. 184, which purports to be Romany, but of which few words can be traced to that language. Probably the vagrants in every land have a slang of their own.

"Shelta" is well known to Gypsies as "Mumpers' talk." In June 1879 a Gypsy supplied me with

Bonar, good (Hotten's *Slang Dict.*, bone).

Brogies, breeches.

Dunnick, dunny, cow (Hotten, *dunaker*, cow-stealer).

Klapper, turnpike gate.

Kin, house (Hotten, *ken*; Leland, *kiena*).

Koggies, turnips.

Mahs, sheep (onomatop.).

Rum-kin cove, gentleman (fine-house man).

Slang, to put or stay in a field.



*Slum*, good (Hotten, "slum the gorjer," "best" or cheat the fellow).

A few days later a lace hawker at Southport gave me, among other common words,

*Beör*, married woman (Leland, *beur*; Hotten, *burerk*; *murerk*, lady).

*Gloch* (guttural), master, policeman (Hotten, *gloak*, man; Scotch).

*Gövel*, cow (Gypsy, *grövi*).

*Garjer*, man (Gypsy, *gaujo*).

*Hearing*, ear (smile).

*Lackan*, girl (Leland, *leichen*).

*Manging*, talking (Hotten, *mang*, to talk; Scotch).

*Nethrus*, bed (Gypsy, *woodrus*).

*Ne jish*, stand back, look out (? Gypsy, *na jas*, don't go).

*Rooski*, basket.

*Sharag*, kiss.

*Söbli*, sir.

*Törog*, mumper (Scotch, *tory*).

Mr. Leland's collection is much more extensive, and affords a better idea of the capabilities of "Shelta," e.g.:

*Lashool*, nice.

*Loshools*, flowers.

*Loshün*, sweet.

*Mailya*, finger, hand (Erse, *meur*, finger).

*Mailyen*, to feel.

*Thom*, violently (Erse, *trom*, heavy).

*Thomyok*, magistrate (great one?).

*Tomgarheid*, gold (from *airgiod*, heavy silver).

*Tom-numpa*, bank-note (great pound).

The formation of "Shelta" by the application of "back slang" to Erse is curious:

*Do*, odd, two (Erse, *do*).

*Nai*, ayen, nine (Erse, *naoi*).

*Dai*, ten (Erse, *deach*).

*Hinniadh*, eleven (Erse, *aon-deug*).

This raises a suspicion that the well-known slang adjective *rum* is "back slang" for *mor*, great. "Shelta" also comprises "rhyming slang" or "head slang":

*Grascot*, waistcoat.

*Grawder*, soldier.

*Grupper*, supper.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Leland and others may be induced to contribute to your pages further words, as no sound judgment can be formed as to the extent or antiquity of this dialect unless more materials are rendered available for its study. H. T. CROFTON.

#### APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Dec. 20, 4 p.m. Asiatic: "Some Remarks on the Narrative of Fa-hien," by Prof. S. Beal.

5 p.m. London Institution: "Birds' Nests and Eggs," by Mr. H. Seebohm.

8 p.m. Aristotelian: "Malebranche," by Mr. H. W. Carr.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "The Principle and Practice of Ornamental Design," IV., by Mr. S. F. Day.

TUESDAY, Dec. 21, 7.45 p.m. Statistical: "Sliding-Scales and other Methods of Wage-Arrangements in the North of England," by Mr. L. L. F. R. Price.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "The Use and Equipment of Engineering Laboratories," by Prof. A. B. W. Kennedy.

8.30 p.m. Zoological: "Atavism," by Mr. J. Bland Sutton; "The Systematic Position of Sponges," by Dr. R. von Lendenfeld; "Indian Earthworms," by Dr. A. Gibbs Bourne; "The Fin of *Ceratodus*," by Mr. G. B. Howes.

THURSDAY, Dec. 23, 8 p.m. London Institution: "The Elements of Biology," V., by Prof. E. Ray Lankester.

#### SCIENCE.

*Luck or Cunning, as the main Means of Organic Modification?* By Samuel Butler. Op. 8. (Trübner.)

THE hardest heart could not fail to be touched by the profound pathos of Mr. Samuel Butler's Op. 8. I am not indulging in Mr. Butler's

own favourite mood of irony; I mean what I say, and I really feel it. In the first place, here is a work of consummate ingenuity, rare literary skill, and a certain happy vein of sardonic humour—a work pregnant with epigram, sparkling with wit, and instinct throughout with a powerful original fancy—flung out upon the world in the uncongenial guise of a scientific treatise, and scarcely likely ever to meet the eyes of anybody except those who will regard it merely in the light of a futile piece of vain argument against Charles Darwin's theory of natural selection. Mr. Butler submits his "Paradise Lost" to an audience whose only possible view of it must needs be that it "proves naething." One grieves to see so admirable a craftsman wasting his fine workmanship on such unpromising material. But, in the second place, and this is far more serious and far more pathetic, our great master of irony is beginning to feel the loneliness and isolation of his false position with a keen sensitiveness which at once provokes one's most heartfelt sympathy. He stands by himself, a paradoxer of the first water, hopeless and friendless, at least in the desert of the present generation. His theory, he now tells us himself more than once, has proved to him a white elephant. It has got him into the hottest of hot water, lost him friends, cost him money, and generally spoiled what might have been a great life for him. But even so he is not downcast; for he is made of the very stuff that heroes and martyrs and madmen are made of. "Ishmaels are not without their uses," he says in his own quaint quiet fashion, "and they are not a drug in the market just now." Or once more, later on in his book: "I heartily hope I may never be what is commonly called successful in my own lifetime; and if I go on as I am doing now, I have a fair chance of succeeding in not succeeding." The last faint hope of a posthumous triumph, a reversal of the verdict at some dim future moment, alone buoys up Mr. Butler's mind against the universal apathy and unbelief of a stiff-necked and untoward generation. That hope is too like despair for prudence to smother; and I for one should be loth indeed to attempt the cruel task of smothering it. Op. 8 will have enemies enough to fling stones at its head. Let one sincere friend, hard hit by it himself, give it in Christian guise the right hand of a new-found amity.

For, indeed, I must fain confess in a little palinodia, not, I trust, quite too late in the day, that we have all hitherto done an unwitting injustice to Mr. Butler. *Evolution, Old and New*, took the critics' breath away. Astonished to find Charles Darwin, whom we all regarded with love and veneration, virulently assailed for all the meannesses, pettinesses, and knavish tricks which we knew to be most conspicuously absent from his grand, simple, and noble character, we took Mr. Butler too much *au sérieux*. We forgot that he was a clever paradox-monger, with a subtle irony for his chief weapon; and we treated him with the high and austere disdain which so audacious and vindictive an attack seemed most to merit. It is hard not to treat him so even now, when one thinks how great and good a man he persistently misrepresents and abuses. Nevertheless, that feeling is, in fact, entirely misplaced. Mr.

Butler misrepresents Darwin for the best of motives—because he misreads him. He has erected in his own mind, in perfect good faith, a horrible Moloch before whose greedy shrine men offer up remorselessly the just reputations of Lamarck, Buffon, and Erasmus Darwin; he has christened this hideous creation of his fancy by Charles Darwin's name, attributing to it a series of ghastly thefts and distortions of which Charles Darwin himself was utterly incapable; and filled with righteous wrath against the Frankenstein of his own brain, he goes forth now, a biological Quixote, to wage a holy war against the wicked giant he has laboriously invented for his personal vexation.

"Sometimes," he exclaims once, with delicious naïveté, "... when I read Mr. Darwin's works and those of his eulogists, I wonder whether there is not some other Mr. Darwin, some other *Origin of Species*, some other Professors Huxley, Tyndal, and Ray Lankester, and whether in each case some malicious fiend has not palmed off a counterfeit upon me that differs *toto coelo* from the original."

Exactly. So it is; and the malicious fiend in question dwells supreme in a strange corner of Mr. Samuel Butler's singular idiosyncrasy. "At times," he says again, "I find it difficult to believe I am not the victim of hallucination." That, indeed, is a hopeful sign. When the patient recognises his sad condition, however fitfully, there are yet chances of a prosperous recovery.

The fact is, Mr. Butler does well in very truth to number in successive order his various works. From Op. 3 to Op. 8, at least, we can trace steadily through all its stages of evolution the rise and progress of this huge fungoid growth of unnatural suspicion which now occupies the entire area of a profoundly able and original brain. It is possible to forgive Mr. Butler for his language about Darwin when one reads his language about other people. One sees how thoroughly the man's whole mental vision has been warped and distorted by a primordial fallacy; how his mind's eye has suffered from a complete strabismus, which prevents him from seeing anything that relates to Darwin or evolution in a plain, straightforward, candid manner. Oblique himself, he can find nothing but obliquity in the normal rectitude of other people. In *Life and Habit* he threw out a clever hint, but a hint that ran counter to the general evolution of evolutionary concepts. The world neglected it; the world, perhaps, treated it too hardly. We failed to rise at Mr. Butler's humour, and Mr. Butler conceived accordingly an intense contempt and aversion for all of us. There must be surely something wrong, thinks the author of *Erewhon*, about this man Darwin, whose crooked evolutionism a prejudiced world so very much prefers to mine. He grew tired, he tells us, of hearing this Aristides always called just. He began to brood over his own failure and the enormous success of the thinker whom he envisaged to himself as his great rival. Gradually the paradox became a monomania; and as pure monomania it certainly emerges in Op. 8. No force of words can now paint the blackness and wickedness of Charles Darwin's heart. He is "suave but fraudulent"; he is "ostrich-like and pitiable"; he "told Lamarck to go away

after grossly misrepresenting him"; he "sneaked out" his claims to proprietorship in the doctrine of descent with modification. It is even imputed to him for unrighteousness that, while his real Christian name was Charles Robert, he always called himself Charles only. In Mr. Butler's eyes Darwin could do or say nothing except for some profoundly cunning and wicked reason. If he writes "yes," it is in order to lay false claim to a deep knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon affirmative; if he writes "no," it is in order to bamboozle us with the absolute decisiveness of a categorical negation; if he writes "perhaps," it is in order to befog our poor minds with the nebulous uncertainty of an indefinite adverb. If he asks a question, it is to avoid committing himself to a fixed opinion; if he guards a sentence by an "almost" or a "possibly," it is to leave himself a Jesuitical loophole of escape, and to save the uncomfortable pricking of an evil conscience. Nor is that all. By this time the monomania has extended its borders. Everybody who ventures to agree with Darwin, when he ought to be agreeing with Mr. Butler, is a member of a vast organised conspiracy for hoodwinking and deceiving the British public. When Prof. Huxley meets Prof. Ray Lankester they must feel inclined to stick their tongues in their cheeks, as when an augur met an augur. People who write books in praise of Darwin, or in favour of his theories, are only throwing dust in the eyes of their readers, and "will doubtless continue to throw it as long as an honest penny is to be turned by doing so." Mr. Butler, in fact, has reached the white heat of anger when a man hits out about him wildly, and attacks everybody who gets within range, for the mere gratification of his own excited and aimless passion. It amuses him, and, oddly enough, it amuses his intended victims also. I have seldom read a more delightful or readable book, in its own way, than *Luck or Cunning*.

More than that; allowance being duly made for the obliquity of vision which twists aside all Mr. Butler's ideas about Natural Selection, *Luck or Cunning* is a most valuable, original, and suggestive contribution to current evolutionary thought. It is much to be hoped that biologists will read it, and will try to forget its emotional medium. Searching criticism like Mr. Butler's helps to bring into stronger relief the real differences of view between Spencer, Darwin, Lamarck, and Wallace; helps to bring out the ideas of Semper, Hering, Lankester, and Romanes; helps therefore to form, in the end, a fuller, truer, and wider concept of evolution in all its aspects. The author of *Erewhon* has at bottom something to say, and the something has often been unduly overlooked. It will be a great mistake if men of science, misled by a style to which they are so little accustomed, rule him out of court inexorably without even granting him so much as a hearing.

Where everybody gets so many hard knocks, one man's bruises count for little. But I should like briefly to add that the apparent inconsistency of which Mr. Butler accuses his present critic in an article in *Mind* (observing that when I "make stepping stones of my dead selves" I "jump upon them to some tune") is really no inconsistency at all. The

article dealt with nervous systems only, and I have always believed with Herbert Spencer that nervous systems must be due to natural selection of functionally produced modifications, not of spontaneous or "accidental" variations. This is a small point, to be sure, compared with the tremendous accusations elsewhere; but as Mr. Butler is anxious to misrepresent nobody, I know he will be glad to stand corrected even in a very minor matter affecting a very minor person.

GRANT ALLEN.

#### OBITUARY.

JOHANN NICOLAI MADVIG.

THE news of the death of Madvig hardly came as a surprise. Ten years have already passed since his pupils published a volume of *Opuscula Philologica* in honour of one who had then been "per quinquaginta annos universitatis Hauniae decus"; and the later publications of the veteran scholar have often been accompanied by laments over failing physical strength. But the world of scholars will feel themselves the poorer for the loss of one whose services in the past were so conspicuous, and whose interest in his much-loved studies was still as keen as ever. For the fourth edition of the second volume of his *Livy*, published only within the last few months, he had again gone over the whole text, and introduced a few valuable emendations, with fresh arguments in favour of old readings, which show how fully he kept up with every advance in criticism.

Johann Nicolai Madvig was born on August 7, 1804, at Svaneke in Bornholm. Of his student life no account is accessible; but in 1826 he brilliantly opened his career as a teacher in the University of Copenhagen by his *Emendationes in Ciceronis Libros Philosophicos*, in which he showed already remarkable command of the usage of Cicero, and that intolerance of nonsense which marks all his critical work. Bishop Stubbs has recently put forward a humourously pathetic plea against statutory lectures. Madvig would have heartily echoed his words, if we may judge from his description of his own anguish of mind at the thought that so much had been wrung from him in piecemeal fashion during the earlier years of his professorship in the way of "programmes" and introductory addresses. We cannot say how much may have been lost by this; but we have abundant reason to be grateful for what is given in the two volumes of the *Opuscula Academica* (1834 and 1842), which contain the disquisitions so produced between 1829 and 1842. Devoted mainly, though not solely, to questions that arise from the text on the matter of Cicero, they constitute by far the most important contribution made during those years to our knowledge of the great orator. But the Copenhagen professor was not hindered, any more than the late Oxford professor of modern history, during the time of his tribulation, from producing work of a more continuous kind. In 1839 appeared his first edition of Cicero's *De Finibus Bonorum et Malorum*. This was afterwards materially improved (in 1869 and again in 1876), mainly by the withdrawal of a premature attempt at a strictly Ciceronian orthography; but, from the first, it took rank as a most important contribution at once to the history of philosophy, and, in a still higher degree, to the laws of the best Latin prose. The current saying of a Cambridge tutor was hardly exaggerated, "If you master that commentary, you will have a very fair knowledge of the Latin language." An incidental advantage was that the bubble of a most undeserved reputation was burst; and that Goerenz, though at times treated with a severity which almost

aroused compassion, ceased for ever from troubling the bewildered student. The *Latin Grammar* (first German edition, 1844) and the *Greek Syntax* (1847, English translation, 1853) are too well known to call for comment. Greatly superior to those which were then in possession of the field, both in delicate accuracy of observation, and in clear precision of statement, they are now of necessity falling into the background as compared with those which are based upon a fuller employment of modern methods. Madvig remained to the last but little interested either in comparative philology, or even in the historical development of the Latin and Greek languages. His grammars therefore cannot be permanently ranked much higher than that of Buttman; and like that excellent work, they form the high-water mark of all that can be achieved without the aid of the more powerful instruments of research now at the command of grammarians. The brilliant *Emendationes Livianae* (1860, second edition 1876) showed Madvig at his very best. Returning—after an interval of three years far otherwise employed—to his university duties in 1852, he acquired the most intimate knowledge of an author to whose criticism he had already made valuable contributions; and, aided by his marvellous instinct for style, and not less for the demands of the context, he made a series of corrections to which, for combined brilliancy and inevitableness, it is hard to find any parallel. There are few things more delightful in textual criticism than the manner in which Madvig detects the weak spot in a passage, perhaps never before suspected, and leads the reader irresistibly up to the certain remedy for it. A work like this inevitably led to the demand for a complete edition, which Madvig, aided by his pupil Using, was happily able to meet; and his text of *Livy*, in four volumes (1861-1866, and in several subsequent editions) holds a place of unchallenged preeminence. In his *Adversaria Critica* (1871, 1873, and 1884) the great critic endeavoured to give a systematic view of the principles of criticism, and to illustrate them in their application to a whole series of Greek and Latin authors. Unfortunately, this work serves to exemplify not less the limitations than the wonderful strength of his genius. In Greek prose he was hardly less happy than in Latin prose, though his contributions were less numerous. In Greek verse his suggestions, though always acute, are rarely inevitable. But, in Latin verse, haste not uncommonly led him into daring defiance of the laws of metre and quantity; and the scholar who was acknowledged master in his own line had to submit to a rebuke not less crushing than well-deserved at the hands of Ritschl, when, on the strength of a study of some five of the plays of Plautus, he ventured to challenge a critic who had devoted powers hardly inferior to his own to the life-long study of everything bearing on his author. Not only in the more or less dubious region of Plautine metre, but even in correcting Ovid and Propertius, Madvig allowed himself to put forth a series of false quantities which would have been a discredit to a fifth-form schoolboy. The last of his important works was noticed not long ago in these columns. His treatise "On the Constitution and Administration of the Roman State" (1881-82) is written out of the fulness of the knowledge gathered in a lifetime of active study and teaching. It is throughout a tacit protest against Mommsen's treatment of the Roman constitution as based upon theoretical conceptions of the nature of official authority. It is marked by remarkable clearness and sobriety; and it is critical without being sceptical, dwelling rather on the incompleteness of our authorities than upon their untrustworthy character.

It was not left for Madvig to be taken from



us before his greatness was recognised. He has held for nearly fifty years a place in the very foremost rank of scholars; and, now that he is gone, many will feel that he has left but two of his peers behind. And even the unwearied veteran of Leiden, even the brilliant and unerring genius of Berlin, is inferior in some respects to the scholar who is gone. Cobet has done nothing for Latin, Mommsen has done nothing for Greek, comparable to what Madvig has done for both those languages. If his influence as a teacher has not been equal to that of men like Ritschl and Curtius, much is due to the fact that he has always been teaching in the language of a nation numerically small. But scholars like Ussing, Bugge, and Gertz show that his pupils are not unworthy of him. And, in a sense, we are all his pupils; for the works of Madvig will long be as fruitful of stimulus and instruction to the scholar as those of Bentley, of Lachmann, or of Munro. A. S. W.

#### SCIENCE NOTES.

THE late Prof. Morris, at the time of his death, had made considerable progress with a third edition of his *Catalogue of British Fossils*. Some of his friends, reluctant that so valuable a work should be lost to science, have arranged to revise and complete the MS.; and the necessary expenses of preparing it for the press have been guaranteed by his nearest surviving relative, who rightly holds that this will be the best monument to his memory. The editor-in-chief is Dr. H. Woodward of the British Museum, and he is assisted by a number of specialists, among whom are Drs. Hinde and Traquair, Profs. Duncan, Rupert Jones, Lapworth, Nicholson, H. G. Seeley, Messrs. Carruthers, Etheridge, Hudleston, and Lydeker. The syndics of the Cambridge University Press have now undertaken the publication of the work, which it is hoped may appear in the course of the coming year.

*Palaeolithic Man in N.-W. Middlesex*: the Evidence of his Existence and the Physical Conditions under which he lived in Ealing and its Neighbourhood, illustrated by the condition and culture presented by certain existing savage races, by Mr. J. Allen Brown, will be published by Macmillan & Co. early in January next.

#### PHILOLOGY NOTES.

PROF. WINDISCH has just finished a "Charakteristik" of the late Georg Curtius and his position in science. In Celtic philology he has lately read before the Royal Saxon Society of Sciences a paper on the Italo-Celtic deponent and passive, and he has made some new combinations, such as the Vedic *vishti* (for *viṣ+ti*), which Roth explains by "Mal," with the Gaelic *fecht*, the Sanskrit *vraja* with the Gaelic *fraig* "wall."

THE new part of the *Irische Texte* is about to appear. It contains the Alexander-saga from the Lebar Brecc, the tragical death of the Sons of Uisnech from the Glenn Masáin MS. in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, and three of the stories introductory to the *Táin bó Cháulge*. All are accompanied by translations and notes.

THE conjecture in the ACADEMY of December 4, 1886, p. 382, that *ποσειδων* comes from *ποσειδων*, seems confirmed by the form *εωλφνῆ* quoted by Gustav Meyer (*Griech. Grammatik*, 2te Aufl.), § 223, from an Argive inscription.

THE *Philologische Wochenschrift* for December 4 has a long and not very favourable review, by C. Michaelis, of Dr. Holden's edition of *Plutarch's Gracchi and Sulla*.

#### MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, Nov. 22.)

REV. G. F. BROWNE, president, in the chair.—Mr. Jenkinson exhibited a volume containing *Expositio Hymnorum* and *Expositio Sequentiarum*, both printed by Wynkyn de Worde, in 1502. The book, which belongs to the Church Library at Nantwich, was seen there in the summer by Mr. J. E. Foster; and the rector very kindly lent it to him to examine at his leisure. No other copy of either work is known to exist.—"Frescoes at Chippenham," by C. E. Keyser. The church of St. Margaret, Chippenham, five miles from Newmarket, has been lavishly decorated with wall-frescoes, probably in the early part of the fifteenth century. The frescoes are still partly covered with whitewash, and those portions which are exposed are much perished. The chancel screen, especially mentioned in Lysons, retains on the lower panels some of the original colouring, viz., a small pattern in yellow on a groundwork of red and green on the alternate panels. The roof of the north chapel is a lean-to, the rafters being painted in dark colour with stars, or suns, quatrefoils, window tracery, and other ornamental designs. The Nave Arcade: on all the pillars are traces of colour, the two east on north side being most marked. On the south-east face of the east pillar is a head. The capitals and abaci are also richly decorated. south wall of south aisle: St. George and the Dragon. In the centre is the head and body of St. George, with his cross painted on his breastplate, and epaulettes. He is probably on horseback, and leaning forward in the act of piercing the dragon with his spear, which he grasps in his right hand. Behind St. George may possibly be made out the princess, whom the saint has rescued, kneeling with her lamb, and on the eastern part of the picture are seated on the walls of the city the king and queen beholding the combat. A gateway with portcullis is portrayed below. This subject is comparatively common, but the only other example recorded in Cambridgeshire is at Eversden. North wall of north aisle: occupying its usual situation is the upper part of a very large painting of St. Christopher, placed at the east side of the north door and facing the southern entrance. The saint is staggering under the weight of his burden, in accordance with the usual rhyming distich, "Parve puer quis tu; graviorem non toleravi," to which our Lord replies—"Non mirans sis tu, nam sum qui cuncta creavi." St. Christopher is clad in rich flowing drapery coloured vermilion and Indian red. Our Saviour is seated on the left shoulder of the saint. He is nimbed and clad in a red garment, but the features are defaced. He holds the orb in His left hand, while the right is held up with the two fingers extended in the act of benediction. St. Christopher became most popular throughout England in the fifteenth century, and a large number of mural paintings and other representations of him in our churches have been recorded, especially in the Eastern Counties. A portion of a similar painting remains at Burwell, and other examples have been found in Cambridgeshire, at the old Chapel of St. John's College, Cambridge, Cherryhinton, Eversden, Impington, Grantchester, Milton, and Wilburton. Several examples in old glass are mentioned in Cole's MS. notes of the Cambridgeshire churches. To the east of this window is portrayed the martyrdom of St. Erasmus, with all its horrible details. The saint nimbed and with his bishop's mitre, is laid on a bed, nude with the exception of a loin cloth. Above are two figures on either side of a windlass, round which they are winding the bowel of the Saint. Above again, seated on a throne, is a royal personage to whom two figures, in evident amazement, are pointing out the scene depicted above, viz., the soul of the bishop being borne up to heaven in a napkin held by angels. The rays of heaven are shown in the upper part of the picture. This subject is comparatively rare, and the only recorded examples in mural painting have been found at Ampney Crucis, and Cirencester, Gloucestershire, and Whitwell, Isle of Wight. At Puckenhay Ferry, Norfolk, and Durneston, Dorset sculptures have been found, treating the subject exactly as at Chippenham. On the north wall of the north chapel, to the west of the window, has been a large and very interesting subject. Although a large

tablet has unfortunately been fixed in the middle of the subject, there is no doubt that here has been depicted "St. Michael weighing Souls, and the Blessed Virgin interceding on the Souls' behalf." Above the tablet can be seen the wings of the archangel, and on each side the scales of the balances which he is holding. On the west side are demons trying to force down the scales containing the evil deeds of the deceased, while on the east is a majestic figure of the Virgin, crowned and nimbed, holding a sceptre in her left hand, while with her right hand she is touching the scale, which, according to the legend, at once goes down and the soul is saved. The Virgin is clad in rich garments, with outer cloak, and a diaper of pomegranates on her dress. The ground on which she stands is grey, and the general background red. In the upper part of the picture is the coat of arms of the person at whose expense the painting was executed, viz., gules a chevron or between three double edged combs argent. Can these arms be identified? The subject of St. Michael weighing souls is generally found in representations of the Great Day of Judgment, to which it of course always alludes. The particular treatment, as at Chippenham, is not uncommon. Photographs were exhibited, but the frescoes are so much perished that few details can be seen in the photographs. The president showed a full-sized drawing of the martyrdom of St. Erasmus, under Diocletian, which he had traced from the fresco at Chippenham; also a charcoal drawing of the alabaster group found at Buckenham, with the same subject, enlarged by Mr. H. Chapman to the same size as the figures at Chippenham, and a tracing of the fresco at Cirencester. At Cirencester St. Erasmus in his full robes stands above the group represented as torturing his naked body, much in the same position as that occupied at Chippenham by the half length figure of the Saint being carried up in a sort of hammock by angels. St. Erasmus is said to have been martyred at Formiae; the see was transferred to Cajeta in the ninth century, with his relics.—"Notes on Deerhurst Church," by Martin Rule. Mr. Rule argued, in reference to the ancient church at Deerhurst, that William of Malmesbury's phrase (*Gesta Pont.* II., 76, Rolls' edition, p. 169) *nunc antiquitatis inane simulacrum*, taken with Leland's statement, "the French order was an erection since the Conquest, the old priory stood east from Severn a bow shot," shows that the present church stands apart from the site of the old priory, is of post-Conquest date, and was thought by William of Malmesbury to be a mere counterfeit of an ancient style. This interpretation of *inane simulacrum antiquitatis* will explain the curious mixture of details which has puzzled archaeologists, "windows too large for genuine Saxon, herring-bone in the walls, but no long-and-short work in the angles, a baluster and impost copied from debased Roman and an arch copied from rudimentary Norman, side by side with work which might otherwise be taken as genuine Saxon."—The president remarked that this was exactly the impression made upon him by the first sight of this remarkable church. He showed an outline rubbing of the font and of a fragment of a square stone support at Elmstone Hardwick, five or six miles on the Cheltenham side of Deerhurst. These are covered with spirals of the O pattern, very carefully and elaborately drawn, and they are quite unlike any other sculptured stones in England. The font has above and below the panels of spirals a very graceful scroll, probably of a later pattern than those on the Ruthwell Cross, the Drosten stone at St. Vigean, and other very early examples. He thought that the theory of a reproduction after the Conquest of early patterns and details, with more zeal than knowledge, met more of the difficulties peculiar to Deerhurst than any other theory. But he could not give up the "Celtic" character of the spiral work on the font, and he could not conceive where the supposed copier could have found his original in the twelfth century.—Prof. J. H. Middleton thought that there was distinct structural evidence in Deerhurst Church sufficient to contradict Mr. Rule's suggestion that the building is of date subsequent to the Norman Conquest. First, in the plan of the church, which belongs to an earlier type than such late Saxon buildings as that at Worth in Sussex. The fact that there was no wide archway between the nave and the two transepts

but merely doorways as at Bradford-on-Avon, tends to prove an early date. Secondly, the evidence as to the existence of an atrium west of the tower, which has an archway in each of its four walls arranged specially to fit this atrium or cloistered court; and a small western baptistery, which communicated with the tower by a wide archway, further tends to show that this is a genuine example of early Saxon architecture. Lastly, the very primitive character of the details, with a clear survival of Roman methods of construction, gives a further proof of the early date of the work. It is quite inconsistent with what we know of the habits of mediæval builders to suppose that they could, in the eleventh century, have designed and carried out an elaborate forgery of older work, both in general plan and in ornamental detail.

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—(Thursday, Dec. 2.)

THE President in the chair.—The secretary read a paper by Mr. Peacock, consisting of extracts from the Court Rolls of the Manor of Bottesford, Lincolnshire, from 1547 to the beginning of the following century. Most of the extracts referred to the presenting and fining of tenants for offences such as keeping barns in disrepair; unfair cutting of peat; selling beer contrary to the assize; assaults; taking "foreigners'" cattle to graze on the common; endangering houses by drying turf in the chimney; keeping "canem malum vocatum a unlawful dogge"; neglecting to provide fuel (elding) for winter, which would probably result in theft, &c. At one court the lord was fined for neglecting to clean a ditch; scolding women were sentenced to be ducked, or their husbands fined.—Rev. J. Cave Browne exhibited some tiles from All Saints' Church, Maidstone. Some bore armorial devices, such as a shield with three chevrons; the coat of the Clares of Tunbridge, a lion rampant in alouze; three lions passant; a fleur-de-lis; a quarter-foil; but Mr. Cave Browne thought they probably had no significance. These specimens were about the date 1300. Others, slightly later, had figures of a bishop and king, seated under a crocketed canopy; the former holding a crosier, in the attitude of benediction, and the king sitting with his legs crossed, holding a sceptre. These tiles were probably used for mural decoration.—Dr. Renaud exhibited and presented drawings of a tiled pavement in Prior Crauden's Chapel at Ely, representing Adam and Eve and the serpent. Another part has a geometrical design bordered with figures of lions, very spirited in drawing, a gryphon, a wyvern, and an eagle displayed. This floor is remarkable from the fact that the tiles are not square, but of various shapes cut to suit the figures, like stained glass in a window, and are divided by dark lines of cement like the leading used with glass. The serpent has a female head, and the headdress is similar to those worn in the time of Edward III.—Mr. Maw exhibited a glazed stove from the old house at Gatacre, now destroyed, which was entirely covered with greenish glaze. The house is described in *Archeologia* III.

### FINE ART.

#### ART BOOKS.

*Rip Van Winkle.* Illustrated by Gordon Browne. (Blackie.) Having watched for some years Mr. Gordon Browne's career as a book illustrator, chiefly associated with the publications of Messrs. Blackie, we are particularly pleased to congratulate him upon the success of this, his and their most elaborate work. The legend, so familiar to playgoers from the masterly representation of Mr. Jefferson, affords a congenial subject for his imaginative pencil. After the late Randolph Caldecott and his younger rival, Mr. Hugh Thomson, Mr. Gordon Browne is one of the very few English artists who is able to tell a continuous story by pictures, which is, of course, the proper function of a book illustrator. In the present case, there are certain points against which it is easy to urge objections, e.g., the slatternly aspect of Dame Van Winkle, for which we find no authority in the text. But, on the whole, the drawings not only follow the story, they add

to and complete it by a hundred touches that would, one feels certain, have won cordial recognition from the author himself. The publishers have produced the book in a form that does justice alike to Washington Irving and to Mr. Gordon Browne, without any affectation of drawing-room luxury. It is a volume that one is not afraid to handle, and to show to others.

A VERY instructive contrast to Mr. Gordon Browne's work is supplied by the handsome reprint which Messrs. Macmillan have sent us of Washington Irving's *Old Christmas and Bracebridge Hall*, in one volume, illustrated by Randolph Caldecott. It was by these drawings that the artist first established his reputation some ten years ago; and their effectiveness is largely due to the careful manner in which they were engraved by Mr. James D. Cooper. Here we have, presented in a worthy form, the characteristic work that will long keep fresh Randolph Caldecott's name.

*Some Essays of Elia.* With illustrations by C. O. Murray. (Sampson Low.) About three years ago a bold band of American etchers undertook to illustrate *Elia* in a pretentious volume that met with general condemnation. So clever an artist as Mr. C. O. Murray could not perpetrate such an egregious failure; but we regret that we cannot award to him more than a *succès d'estime*. In the passages of broadest humour, such as the "Dissertation on Roast Pig" and the "Praise of Chimney Sweepers," he has indeed invented some cuts not unworthy of their subject. But, for the most part, the illustrations fail to satisfy the mental pictures which all readers of Lamb must have composed out of his subtle and pathetic touches. The truth is that no pencil can ever hope to represent *Elia* adequately. The best that could be wished for would be a gallery of portraits, some architectural sketches of Christ's Hospital and the Temple, and some landscapes from "pleasant Hertfordshire." These are the very things that Mr. C. O. Murray has not given us; while he has committed the unpardonable offence—to true lovers of Lamb—of including among *Some Essays of Elia*, without a word of apology, the discarded fragment, entitled "Reminiscences of Juke Judkins, Esq., of Birmingham." It is only just to say that the illustrations have been excellently engraved by Mr. R. Paterson.

*The Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Illustrated. (Chatto & Windus.) While English artists have devoted some of their best work to Washington Irving, their American brothers have been busily engaged this year (as usual) upon English poets. Of the illustrated editions of Mrs. Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese* and Rossetti's *Blessed Damozel*—which are said to be the finest American books of the year—we have only seen specimen pages. But it is impossible to speak well of these illustrations to *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. The book is, indeed, gorgeously got up in a fashion dear to the generation of "Keepsakes," &c. But the drawings are, for the most part, neither good in themselves, nor really illustrative of the poem, nor well engraved. Perhaps the best is the frontispiece by Mr. W. St. John Harper, and a few of the landscapes are tolerable. The elfin page is nothing less than a caricature, wherever he occurs. The midnight ride of Deloraine, and the noble presence of "Belted Will Howard," are alike ignored. It is impossible not to think of the way in which Sir John Gilbert would have illustrated the poem, and of the way in which the Messrs. Dalziel would have engraved his drawings.

*Female Costume Pictures: Figures of Female Grace and Beauty in Costumes of Various Centuries.* From Twelve Drawings in Pastel, by Robert Beyschlag. (Sampson Low.) These

drawings, if not very remarkable, are certainly pretty, and we should imagine that the process by which they are reproduced has done them full justice. The titles that have been placed under them are curious. Among them are "Gothic Period, 1475" (!), "Dutch Period, 1625," "Venetian Period, 1600," "Renaissance Period I., 1600," "Renaissance Period II., 1650." As "Time of the Empire, 1800," follows immediately upon "Time of the Revolution, 1792," we are constrained to suppose, in spite of chronology, that Napoleon's empire must be intended. It seems obvious that the drawings were not meant by the artist to form a series of historical illustrations of costume; and it would have been better to allow them to tell their own tale—such as it is—instead of labelling them in this grotesquely unmeaning fashion.

#### THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL.

WE wish the Institute would bring their minds to the fulfilment of one other obligation, in the interests of art—the obligation to abolish the topmost line of pictures in their exhibition. It would vex certain people who paint but indifferently, but it would add to the dignity of the show. And at the Institute they can well afford to do what the Suffolk Street people—possessing much less prestige—have not been afraid to accomplish. We commend to them this suggestion for another occasion, and go on now to discuss—but it must be briefly—some of the best works which they display.

Sir James Linton's tiny head, which he entitles "Sophia," is not a contribution which can either add to or detract from a reputation such as his. We should call it an agreeable trifle, were it not that a president never trifles. The "Scene from *Peveril of the Peak*" is a much more substantial affair—it is an entirely deliberate and elaborate undertaking—the almost perfect presentment of we do not quite know what scene. Why is not Sir James, it may be asked, a little more merciful in affording us some clue to the story? There would be two answers—and each of them would be a sufficient one—to any such inquiry. He remembers, in the first place, that Scottish classic, and thinks that every one should be saturated in him. But, even among quite intelligent people, Scott has fewer industrious readers than Sir James supposes. The second answer would be, that whatever may be the exact place of the scene, the pictorial artist himself by draughtsmanship and painting contrives to indicate enough of it: the finer his draughtsmanship and the finer his colour—and Sir James Linton's are as admirable as possible—the more independent is he of any connexion between the canvas and literature. Literature inspired it, to some extent at all events; but its connexion with literature is not its main interest.

And it is to be noted, generally—leaving Sir James Linton for his fellows—how much less of anecdotal painting there is in this gallery than has been found heretofore. Mr. Seymour Lucas, with his original sketch of Peter the Great at Deptford, and Mr. Frith with his sketch for the Dr. Johnson subject, are among the very few prominent upholders of historic or literary anecdote. Even Mr. Charles Green and Mr. Fred Barnard—the most learned and humorous of the present-day interpreters of Dickens—are not interpreters of Dickens for the nonce; Mr. Barnard relying upon his own gifts of invention and observation in the matter of fun, and Mr. Charles Green sending a picture in which he realises an imaginary lady of a by-past time, toying with a pearl necklace which is a recent possession. Mr. Millett's pictures have been accustomed to be praised very much



ever since he did a charming interior with a long window-seat under low and many-paned windows. His work is always skilled and generally pretty; but we are unable to detect that he makes advance in his art. The two pictures by Mr. E. J. Gregory are of the kind that have to be looked at. The largest of the two, which depicts a young woman who has been "kept in" from school, has been heard of before. This is the picture which was supposed to be of a lady in evening dress; but evening dress is left for the most part to Mrs. Jopling and Mr. Percy Thomas, one of whom commands distinction of line and grace of pose, and the other some agreeable brilliancy in flesh painting. Mr. Gregory's young friend—the refractory school-girl—is dressed in plain and rather hottish brown. Her eyes scowl. Her mouth, which could conceivably be pretty, is drawn very tightly. All that is seen of the flesh—youthful face and clasped young hands—is admirably treated. Yet we opine that to most people the more engaging of his two contributions will be the dainty little scene on the upper Thames, in which a young woman, an expert with the oar, pulls along happily and with precision. Not only is the scene very pretty and the girl's action very pretty; but the way in which the motion of the water at the depicted instant is indicated, shows close, very close, observation and great deftness of hand. But then Mr. Gregory is an admitted master, even if he is a master who sometimes disappoints.

Mr. Collier, Mr. Aumonier, Mr. Wimperis, Mr. Henry Moore, Mr. Hayes, and Mr. Wyllie remain, we suppose, the leaders of landscape and marine painting, as they are beheld in this gallery. Mr. Collier is much better known by his heathy scenes—his scenes in the open country of the New Forest, his scenes in Dorsetshire like those which Mr. Thomas Hardy describes for us so wonderfully in his novels—than by his pictures of the coast. Yet here we have a coast picture by him, full of atmosphere and light. In a southern county—it was in Hampshire, we believe—Mr. Wimperis has found the material for a work executed, as we hear, chiefly out-of-doors, and wonderfully suggestive of the first and the powerful impression. It is an autumnal landscape—the view from a heathy upland, looking over embrowned foliage to a flat and remote distance. Mr. Aumonier, who has not been very much to the front of late, rejoices us by such a vision of an English field in the cool morning as not many landscape painters have the delicacy to perceive and pourtray. Mr. Moore paints the blue Channel, and Mr. Hayes the same waters moved more heavily, and, in hue, of an embrowned grey. It is called, by some people, "old-fashioned painting"; but they do not say it disparagingly, for they know that the old and sound fashion will outlive many a modern fad. Mr. Wyllie's Channel piece, or Thames piece—we really forget which it is—is not very beautiful in colour; it is necessarily restless in composition (like an early Thames etching of Whistler's, unity and peace having been by no means its aim), and—we are brought here face to face with a more serious fault—the sky is much too solid, we think. Still, it records an individual vision—claims to be remembered, and is sure to be. Mr. Wyllie has not often shown himself a harmonious or subtle colourist; but his second contribution this year is quite harmonious if it is not quite subtle. And it is, as is of course not unusual with him, as spirited as it is possible to be. What it represents is just enough of Queenstown Harbour to permit the pourtrayal of one side of a White Star steamboat, its steerage passengers accosted and fascinated by the bum-boat women, who sell everything that a traveller wants who can buy nothing else before he arrives off "Quaran-

time" island in New York Bay. And what he wants most, it seems, is oranges and comforters. It is a remarkable picture.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY AT MILAN.

Salò: Dec. 7, 1888.

About ten days ago, a workman employed in the garden of the Ospedale Maggiore, in Via Francesco Sforza, at Milan, came upon some ancient bronzes. Prof. Castelfranco, inspector of excavations and monuments in the province of Milan, was promptly summoned; and, on further investigations being prosecuted under his direction, a discovery was made which may prove of some historical importance.

The place had plainly long been used as a cemetery. About six feet deep were four funerary urns of Roman workmanship, with bones, vases, and glass phials. Under these was a large amphora, which the authorities believe to be of Gaulish origin, and older by some centuries than the Roman remains above it. Round about the amphora were various fragments, seemingly of broken urns, and to these by far the greatest interest is attached. Prof. Castelfranco thinks that they are neither Roman nor Gaulish, but Etruscan, in which case the "find" will throw light upon the history of Milan at a period about which hitherto there has been almost complete ignorance. E. MARTINENGO CESARESCO.

#### NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

WITH the beginning of the new year the *Reliquary* (which is perhaps not so well known as it should be as an illustrated quarterly dealing with all kinds of archaeological subjects) will begin a new series, under the editorship of the Rev. Dr. J. Charles Cox, rector of Barton-le-Street. Among the contents of the January number will be "The Church Plate of Rutlandshire," by Mr. W. H. St. John Hope; and "Smaller Mediaeval Weapons," by the Hon. H. A. Dillon. The Rev. G. F. Browne has promised to contribute some papers on "Pre-Norman Sculptured Stones," and Mr. Romilly Allen on "Norman Sculpture"; while special attention will be given to ecclesiology and church art. The publishers of the *Reliquary* are Messrs. Bemrose & Sons, of Derby and London.

THE frontispiece to the *Magazine of Art* for January will be a photograph of Mr. G. H. Boughton's "The Councilors of Peter the Headstrong," exhibited in this year's Academy. This part will also contain the first of a series of Glimpses of Artist's Life, by Mr. M. H. Spielmann and Mr. F. Walter Wilson, entitled "The Studio Smoke."

THOSE who were interested in Mr. Samuel Butler's letter, in the *ACADEMY* of October 23, on Holbein's "Dance," will be glad to know that he has had photographs taken, and conveniently mounted on one sheet, of the two drawings in question—that at Berlin, and that in the Basle Museum. A few copies are on sale with Messrs. Trübner, price 3s.

THE reports of Prof. J. H. Middleton and Mr. W. H. St. John Hope, assistant secretary to the Society of Antiquaries, as to the work now being carried on at the newly-discovered portion of the Roman baths at Bath, have just been published. Prof. Middleton says, in the course of his report, dated last July:

"New walls and pilasters carrying arches are now being built on this Roman work, and the whole will be roofed in. This is much to be regretted, but the problem was no doubt a very difficult one. The remains would, of course, have been far more interesting and instructive if the whole had been

roofed in by some light iron structure supported on iron columns, arranged in such a way as to span the whole place without raising any new structure on the ancient walls; but this method would probably have been more troublesome than the present scheme of 'restoration' which is being carried out. The present somewhat objectionable scheme is, however, being carried out so far with care, and with as little damage as is possible to the Roman remains. There appears to have been some suggestion that the circular bath should be again used for bathers, but this is very undesirable; and would necessitate so much restoration of its walls, steps, and cement lining that it would practically be destroyed as a piece of genuine Roman construction."

In a postscript Prof. Middleton adds:

"Since writing the above further facts have come to my knowledge. Major Davis's scheme includes building new rooms over the hypocaust indicated on my sketch-plan, the walls of which would cut through and practically destroy it. . . . In fact, the whole place is full of very exceptional interest, and deserves very different treatment to that which it has received. About two years ago the lead plates which wholly lined one of the rectangular tanks were stripped off and sold for old lead by the corporation. . . . I fear it is too late now to stop the mischief which is being done."

#### THE STAGE.

##### THE "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" AT THE STRAND.

THERE is singular completeness about the performance of the "School for Scandal" by Mr. Edward Compton's company, which is at the Strand till February, so that playgoers should go and see it while they have the chance. The piece will hardly be played beyond the turn of the year. It is likely then to give place to the "Road to Ruin," or to "Twelfth Night," in both of which Mrs. Compton—who has not appeared this time in the "School for Scandal"—has parts which must tempt her to meet once more a welcoming audience. Meanwhile, Sheridan's finest comedy—the very purest gold of his mint—is done justice to by a troupe of players all of whom are well trained, and several of whom are rather peculiarly fitted for what they are now doing. The "School for Scandal" is so full of good characters that it is difficult to say which must be reckoned the greatest. It is certain that if we had a Sheridan among us to-day, and he were writing this comedy, it would be deemed unacceptable by every London manager who is at the same time an actor; for whether the manager-actor played Sir Peter, or Joseph, or Charles, he would know that at least two other actors were being afforded an opportunity equal to his own, and that at least one actress had a part better, perhaps, than he could hope for himself. The "School for Scandal" was conceived and brought forth at a period when even the greatest players in England had no thought of having a drama written for their display. Untrammelled by considerations of what would best fit the individuality of one eminent artist, the dramatic writers of the end of the last century, from Sheridan downwards, produced pieces of literature which were more or less symmetrical works of art. Thus, in a really good performance of the "School for Scandal" or "The Rivals"—even of "She Stoops to Conquer," or the "Good Natured Man"—no one actor stands out above his fellows. In all cases honours are divided, even if, as now at the Strand, they are divided between only two. The two, in the performance of which it is now question, are Mr. Lewis Ball and Mr. Edward Compton. Mr. Ball is Sir Peter Teazle. He is an actor of the very soundest traditions; "judicious," as the favourite word used to be, and something

more. He is an artist perfectly sure of his effects; recognising not only his powers, but likewise his limitations. His Sir Peter Teazle makes no attempt to be courtly, no attempt to be brilliant. If the mellow chivalry of Mr. Farren is denied him, so—one is glad to think—is the testiness of Mr. Hare. His Sir Peter is a good old simple soul, absolutely kind-hearted and affectionate, and given to gentle merriment. Mr. Compton's Charles is not the first good Charles, any more than Mr. Ball's is the first good St. Peter, our generation has seen; but he is among the good, and the very good, and he is entirely himself. Full of high spirits and of the capacity to enjoy life, he lives too swiftly to think, but not too swiftly to feel. This is assuredly a Charles to whom Sir Oliver might very reasonably have taken—he would not have had any need to reproach himself with having liked the youth only because the youth would not sell his picture. Joseph Surface is played with discretion and good taste by Mr. Sidney Valentine; but further than that we cannot go in his praise. Subtlety is wanting to him—perhaps a touch of fascination to boot, and Joseph must really have been fascinating, or Lady Teazle would have thrown him over long before the fall of the screen. Of that particular quality of fascination and subtlety it was Mr. John Clayton who, in our day, has been the best exponent. At the Strand several of those male characters which one has been wont to put in the second rank are played quite admirably. Sir Benjamin Backbite is not one of these. His impersonation is far too serious. Everything he says is said with an air "convaincu," as the French have it: his sentiments are not open to doubt. But Sir Benjamin, it ought to be remembered, is conceived and wrought by Sheridan as a being every bit as airy and volatile as Osric, the "water-fly" of "Hamlet." Besides, he and his uncle are entirely outside of the intrigue. They are social spectators and nothing more; with their affairs the play has nothing to do. Now the Crabtree at the Strand recognises this position very well. He is interested as any old gossip is interested, and he has a reputation for story-telling very probably, as young Sir Benjamin has for lampoons; and it behoves him to keep it up. But they have neither of them any vital interest in the affairs of which they took good care to be cognisant. Now Crabtree is played and looked quite perfectly, by Mr. Paxton—a young man, we believe, and with hereditary claims to good ability. Then Mr. Dodsworth's Sir Oliver is a thoroughly natural and harmonious performance; and the mock earnestness of the Jew, Moses—he, indeed, when money is on the tapis has a right to be "convaincu"—asks commendation. Mr. Appleby makes up the character so that it has some resemblance to the almost historic Israelite who used to sell brandy snaps upon the Marine Parade at Brighton, until a still greater character—who was historic indeed—vanished from the scene. We must be very brief about the ladies, though they, too, do their share to produce the excellence of the *ensemble*. Miss Angela Fenton has grace and style; intelligence unquestionably; and the "business" of her part is well learnt. Two little faults we have to find with her, though, or one of them, perhaps, may not be considered very little. Somehow—with all her grace and skill—she is not quite of the eighteenth century: neither romp nor *grande dame*. The other fault is very tiny, so tiny that we have to be apologetic in naming it—her dresses are delightful to behold, but we do not believe in her long feather fan. Surely that is an arrangement of a full century earlier. Miss Aicken, quite intelligent, too, is just a little colourless and ordinary for Mrs. Candour. Emphasis, expression, style—one could do with a little

more of them. No kind of fault is to be found with Miss Dora Vivian's Lady Sneerwell, but that she looks a trifle too handsome and a trifle too happy. Lady Sneerwell had a past—not altogether a pleasant one. Well, hypercritical as we tried to be, we cannot find any fault with Miss Margaret Terry's Maria. She is simplicity itself. Mdlle. Reichenberg's simplicity would be affectation beside her.

#### STAGE NOTE.

WE understand that Miss Calhoun leaves England on December 18 to spend about six weeks at Beaulieu in the South of France.

#### MUSIC.

##### RECENT CONCERTS.

THE number of interesting concerts given during the past and the present week is great, but our space is limited. We must, therefore, devote only a few lines to each. And we will first begin with the Students' Concert of the Royal College of Music, on Thursday evening, December 9. The West Theatre of the Albert Hall is an uncomfortable place, both for performers and the public. A short time ago one of these concerts was given at Prince's Hall, and it seems a pity that this plan was given up. The principal item of the programme was Schubert's Mass in F—a wonderful work indeed for a lad of eighteen. The performance, under the direction of Dr. Stanford, was, in many respects, highly satisfactory. In the matter of energy, band and chorus left little to desire. Mr. Barton, student, gave a neat and intelligent rendering of Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in G, introducing *cadenzas* by Mr. J. F. Barnett.

On the following evening there was a Students' Orchestral Concert of the Royal Academy of Music at St. James's Hall. The performance of Beethoven's Mass in C was tame; and this may be partly explained by the slow *tempi* adopted by the conductor, Mr. Barnby, in several of the movements. The choir, too, was overweighed by the orchestra. Of the solo singers, the contralto, Miss Hannah Jones, gives signs of promise. The tenor, Mr. M. Humphreys, has a voice of pleasing quality, but it is not strong. Miss E. Boyce played the first movement of Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in G. She has good fingers, and would, doubtless, have been heard to greater advantage in a work less exacting. Miss C. Gates, too, was ambitious in choosing the first movement of Beethoven's Violin Concerto. Miss M. Lyons gave part of Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor with much success.

On Monday evening, Brahms's String Quartet in C minor (Op. 51, No. 2) was given for the second time at the Popular Concert, and not for the first as stated in the analytical programme-book. It is a work in the master's best style. Throughout, he is in a very earnest mood; and, though full of labour, we would only apply the epithet "laboured" to the first and last movement. The *Romanze, poco adagio*, is charming; and, for Brahms, unusually smooth and simple. The work was well interpreted by Mdlle. Néruda, and Messrs. Ries, Straus, and Piatti. Mdlle. Clothilde Kleeberg played two short pianoforte solos by Schubert and Heller. There was a little coldness about the Impromptu in A flat; but the Heller Waltz was given in a brilliant manner. It is to be hoped that Mr. Chappell will turn over a new leaf next year, and make sonatas the rule rather than the exception. Mr. H. Piercy sang with great taste a light and pleasing love song by Bizet.

On crossing over to Prince's Hall to hear, as we expected, the second part of the programme

of the first concert of the Bach Choir, we found we were only in time for a Walmesley madrigal, and two short Ballets (songs with refrain probably originally intended to accompany dancing) by Morley. The concert was, in fact, over before half-past nine. It is a good fault to err on the side of brevity. The pieces were well sung, especially the madrigal, under the careful direction of Dr. Stanford. The programme included a motett for two choirs by J. C. Bach, two Italian sacred pieces, and a selection of part-songs and madrigals by English composers, ancient and modern. There were also old English pianoforte solos played by Mr. F. Maitland, and Handel's Violin Sonata in A by a Miss L. Stone.

The Novello Concert last Tuesday evening commenced with a so-called Funeral March of Schubert. It was only the fifth March from the four-hand Marches (Op. 40) scored for orchestra by Liszt; and the piece, indeed, was played in memory of him. Schubert wrote it for the piano, and it is more effective in its original dress. Dr. Stanford's "Revenge" was given for the first time in London. It was well performed under the direction of Dr. Mackenzie, and at the close the composer received a double recall. The second part of the programme was devoted to Mr. Mackenzie's "Story of Sayid." This, too, was a first performance of the work in London. The three numbers which most impressed us at Leeds again proved most interesting. First, the charming chorus, "Sweet the balmy days of Spring," which was not, however, given with sufficient delicacy; and the composer took it, we fancy, a shade slower than at Leeds. We think that it would prove still more effective if given with only a small number of voices. Then the solemn March, which we venture to hold one of Mr. Mackenzie's most finished productions. The duet between Ilmas and Sayid is the third of our fancies, and it is certainly very beautiful. The performance of the work under the composer's direction was good, though not altogether satisfactory, either as regards band or chorus. The principal soloists were Mdlle. Albani, Mr. Barton McGuckin, and Mr. Watkin Mills. Mdlle. Albani sang with the utmost fervour, and more than once roused the enthusiasm of the audience. Mr. McGuckin was in fine voice, and made the most of his rôle of Sayid. Mr. Watkin Mills sang with dramatic effect, though with a certain roughness. At the close of the performance the composer was much cheered. The hall was well filled.

Mr. Henschel gave his fifth concert last Wednesday evening. The programme commenced with Max Bruch's smoothly written, but not striking, Prelude to his opera "Loreley." Mr. F. Ondricek gave a fine rendering of a Violin Concerto by F. Gernsheim, who is best known in England as a composer of chamber music. Some of his works have been heard at the Popular Concerts. The first movement of the Concerto is rather dull; the slow movement is graceful; but it is nothing more than a violin solo with orchestral accompaniment. The *finale* consists chiefly of *bravura* writing. Mr. Henschel is bravely pursuing his search after novelties, but he has not yet succeeded in finding one of any special value. A song, well sung by Mr. Iver McKay, from the opera "Wanda," by Mr. C. Thane, proved acceptable through its effective orchestration. Schubert's unfinished Symphony in B minor was included in the programme. The reading was good, but not impressive. We prefer Herr Richter's quiet *tempo* for the second subject of the first movement. The concert concluded with the "Flying Dutchman" Overture. Mr. F. Ondricek played some light solos in a most efficient manner; but the time might surely have been better filled.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.